1: THE DEMONS OF RED LODGE

A ONE-PART ADVENTURE BY **JASON ARNOPP**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR/CLONE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON
Time traveller.

NYSSA/CLONE NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON
Time traveller's companion.

EMILY COBHAM/IVY COBHAM:
F, 50s, Suffolk – rural working class. 'Emily' is Ivy's clone.

ALSO: CLONE VILLAGERS.

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SCENE 1: INT. WOODSHED

(FX: WOODLAND AMBIENCE OUTSIDE – CREEPY WIND, STRAIGHT OUT OF 'THE EVIL DEAD')

DOCTOR:
Nyssa. Nyssa! Wake up. *Nyssa!*

NYSSA:
(WAKING WITH A START) Doctor? (BEAT) Where – where are we?

DOCTOR:
I haven't the faintest idea. I only just came to myself.

NYSSA:
How did we get here? I can't remember. (REALISATION) Doctor, I can't remember!

DOCTOR:
(PLAYING HIS OWN ANXIETY DOWN THROUGHOUT) Try not to worry.

NYSSA:
It's so dark. I can't see a thing.

DOCTOR:
Perhaps someone forgot to pay the electricity bill. How do you feel?

NYSSA:
Scared. Like I can't breathe properly. You?

DOCTOR:
Let's just stay calm and take this one step at a time, shall we? Take my hand. See if we can't get up.

(FX: THEY STAGGER TO THEIR FEET)

NYSSA:
My arms and legs ache.

DOCTOR:
Mine too. Now, this seems to be a rather confined [space] – (STUMBLES ON A PILE OF LOGS) Oww!

(FX: LOGS ROLL AWAY)

NYSSA:
What was that? Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Logs. I think we're in a woodshed.

NYSSA:
I want to get out of here, but I'm afraid to leave. What's wrong with me?

DOCTOR:
As I said, Nyssa, slow down. Stay calm. Something has jangled our nerves, but everything's fine. (BEAT) Ah, here we are. A wall - you find another and we'll soon locate the door. (FORCED CHUCKLE) Either that, or we'll bash our heads together.

NYSSA:
Doctor… Do you feel it? This terrible sense of [panic —]

DOCTOR:
(CUTTING IN HARSHLY) Nyssa! Please! Focus! (BEAT) I'm sorry, I didn't mean to raise my voice. Just… breathe deeply. In through the nose, out through the mouth.

NYSSA:
(TAKES A COUPLE OF DEEP BREATHS)

DOCTOR:
Better?

NYSSA:
Much. I wish I knew how we got here. I can't even remember where we are — in time and space, I mean.

DOCTOR:
No, neither can I. But I'm sure the information won't evade us forever. (REACHING OUT TO WALLS) In the meantime, keep searching the walls.

(BEAT)

NYSSA:
Got it.

DOCTOR:
(COMING OVER) The door?

NYSSA:
(FX: SHE RATTLES THE DOOR HANDLE: IT'S LOCKED) Locked.

DOCTOR:
Now there's a surprise. (FX: KNOCKING ON DOOR) It's a wooden door, so… (STEPPING BACK) Stand back, Nyssa! (FX: RUNS AT DOOR. IMPACT ON DOOR) Nnnghhh!

(CONTINUES INTO:)

SCENE 2: EXT. WOODS (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: WOODSHED DOOR BURSTS OPEN WITH A CRACK. DOCTOR RUNS A FEW PACES. CREEPY WIND MORE PROMINENT, BLOWING TREES)

DOCTOR:
Barely any brighter out here, I'm afraid. Tall trees, precious little moon. And this mist really isn't helping.

(FX: NYSSA'S FEET ON LEAVES)

NYSSA:
My eyes are still adjusting. Where are you?

DOCTOR:
Right here.

NYSSA:
Doctor, can I keep hold of your hand? I don't know why, but…

DOCTOR:
Here. To be perfectly honest, it'll help steady my own [nerves] … Well, anyway.

NYSSA:
I'm starting to make out trees. And stars. Anything we can navigate by?

DOCTOR:
Hard to navigate when you don't know your destination. The TARDIS could be anywhere.

(FX: DISTANT CRACK OF A BRANCH UNDERFOOT)

NYSSA:
(GASPS) What was that? Doctor, what was that?

DOCTOR:
(WHISPERS) Quiet, Nyssa. Quiet and still.

NYSSA:
So hard to see through the mist. The sound came from over there.

DOCTOR:
Let's listen for a moment.

(FX: LONG BEAT. WIND BLOWS. CRUNCH! FEET ON LEAVES)

NYSSA:
(CLOSE) Doctor, there's something in the mist.

DOCTOR:
(CLOSE) Yes, I see it too. A shadow. No… two shadows.

NYSSA:
(CLOSE) They're not moving. But they're looking straight at us - I can feel it.

DOCTOR:
(CLOSE) Nyssa… you're hurting my hand.

NYSSA:
(CLOSE) You're hurting mine.

(FX: FEET ON LEAVES, CLOSER THAN BEFORE)

NYSSA:
(ALARMED) Did you hear that?

DOCTOR:
I only tend to say "Run!" when there's a clear and present danger, but —

(FX: FEET ON LEAVES, CLOSER THAN BEFORE)

NYSSA:
They're getting closer!

DOCTOR:
Run!

(FX: THEY RUN AWAY, ACROSS WOODLANDS. FADE)

SCENE 3: EXT. WOODS (LATER)

(FX: FADE UP. WIND PICKING UP)

DOCTOR:
(RUNNING TO STOP, BREATHLESS) I really should play more cricket. Nyssa. Stop.

NYSSA:
(RUNNING TO STOP, BREATHLESS) Can we afford to stop? Whatever-it-is is still behind us, I'm sure.

DOCTOR:
Whatever it is, I can't believe we're running from it without good reason.

NYSSA:
(SEEING NOOSE ON TREE) Doctor…

DOCTOR:
What is it?

NYSSA:
Up there, hanging from the tree?

DOCTOR:
Ah. It's nothing, Nyssa. Just a length of rope.

NYSSA:
It's more than that, Doctor. It's a noose.

DOCTOR:
Best we don't dwell. Look - over there.

NYSSA:
What is it?

DOCTOR:
A cottage, on what appears to be the edge of a village. Looks rather smart.

NYSSA:
What? With just one floor?

DOCTOR:
Size isn't everything, Nyssa. Just ask the TARDIS when we relocate it. But perhaps we could shelter there 'til daylight, when we might be more composed?

NYSSA:
We don't know who lives inside!

DOCTOR:
Nyssa, we have to fight this fear. We seem to be experiencing the same sense of… well, panic.

NYSSA:
So you do feel it.

DOCTOR:
It must be artificially induced. It must. We have to bear that in mind… and get to that cottage as quickly as possible. (FX: FOOTSTEPS AWAY) Come on.

NYSSA:
(FX: FOOTSTEPS AWAY) Wait for me.

(FX: THEIR FOOTSTEPS MOVING OFF… THEN ANOTHER PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS STEPPING IN, OVER TWIGS AND LEAVES. THEY STOP)

CLONE DOCTOR:
(UP CLOSE, ALIEN, COLD) See how they run.

CLONE NYSSA:
(SAME VOICE) There is no need to pursue them further. They must recharge.

SCENE 4: EXT. OUTSIDE COTTAGE

(FX: URGENT KNOCKS ON WOODEN DOOR)

DOCTOR:
Hello? Hello? Anyone home?

NYSSA:
Doctor, I can see those shadows again, at the edge of the clearing. They're watching us.

(FX: DOCTOR KNOCKS AGAIN)

DOCTOR:
Hello?

EMILY:
(FROM OTHER SIDE OF DOOR, WORKING CLASS SUFFOLK) Hold ye hard, sir.

DOCTOR:
Of course. Sorry if we've woken you.

(FX: BOLTS SLIDE OPEN. THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

EMILY:
Heavens! Your faces. Have ye the Devil on your tails?

DOCTOR:
I sincerely hope not. I'm the Doctor, this is Nyssa. We appear to have lost our way in the dark, and we were wondering —

NYSSA:
Please, will you let us in?

EMILY:
Don't want no trouble here. (FX: A FLINTLOCK PISTOL COCKS) Will I be needin' this?

DOCTOR:
I can assure you there's no call for a flintlock, or any other weapon.

EMILY:
In you come, then.

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA PASS THROUGH DOOR INTO:)

SCENE 5: INT. COTTAGE – MAIN ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: GENTLE CRACKLES OF LOW HEARTH FIRE. WIND THROUGH OPEN COTTAGE DOOR)

DOCTOR:
We're very grateful to you, Mrs…?

EMILY:
Miss Emily Cobham, sir.

NYSSA:
Please – would you mind securing the door?

EMILY:
Very well.

(FX: DOOR BOLTED AND LOCKED. WIND LOWER)

EMILY:
Now then. What have we got here? My, but your clothes are queer.

DOCTOR:
You live alone, Miss Cobham?

EMILY:
(SAD) I soon will, Sir. Aye… that I will. Can I offer ye some pottage?

DOCTOR:
Most kind.

NYSSA:
Thank you, but I'm afraid I'm not hungry. What did you mean, Emily, when you said – [soon you'll live alone?]

(FX: CLANG OF COOKING POTS)

EMILY:
I'll heat it up. Vegetables to go with it. Ivy and I have lived the life since our mistress passed away, God rest her soul.

DOCTOR:
Oh. You were servants, and now…?

EMILY:
Left her and the master's cottage to us old maids. Imagine! The locals didn't like that.

NYSSA:
Have you seen the rope outside?

EMILY:
The noose? Aye. Pay it no mind. Been there since Hopkins were around, twenty year back.

NYSSA:
Hopkins?

DOCTOR:
I think Miss Cobham is referring to Matthew Hopkins - am I right?

EMILY:
Aye. The Witchfinder General himself.

DOCTOR:
And I'm now reminded where we are: Suffolk, 1665!

NYSSA:
You were very trusting, to let us in.

EMILY:
Could hardly say no. I saw the fear in your faces.

DOCTOR:
Yes. Thank you. We're stabilising now.

EMILY:
Then why look out the window, eyes so wide?

DOCTOR:
Curiosity.

NYSSA:
We thought we saw… people, out there, in the mist.

EMILY:
Some say Hopkins and his man John Stearne are still at large in the countryside, eyes full o' God's fury. Gliding through the mist in the dead of night, still hunting those with the Devil in their hearts. (BEAT) Sorry, ma'am, did I scare thee?

NYSSA:
… I'm just a little cold, that's all.

EMILY:
It's an improbable tale at best. Here, have a blanket round your shoulders. Stew's almost done.

(FX: POT, KITCHEN CLATTER. AS IVY DISHES UP STEW)

DOCTOR:
Where's your friend Ivy tonight?

EMILY:
(DISHING UP) Ivy is my sister, Sir. My twin. Why God chooses to make me live longer, I can't say I know.

NYSSA:
Oh. You mean, Ivy's…? (DOESN'T WANT TO SAY 'DEAD')

EMILY:
Barely there, ma'am. Too weak to leave the bedroom. May not last the night.

DOCTOR:
I'm sorry.

EMILY:
No need. We've lived long in Red Lodge. Fifty year! A miracle for maids like us.

DOCTOR:
Red Lodge! So that's where we are.

NYSSA:
Is that the name of the cottage?

DOCTOR:
As I recall, Red Lodge is the name of the village. Emily, might I see your sister? There may be something I can do.

EMILY:
Won't hear of it. (FX: BOWLS ON TABLE) Sit yourselves down, eat. (FX: SCRAPING CHAIRS)

DOCTOR:
Please. It'd be no trouble.

EMILY:
Eat, sir.

DOCTOR:
(FX: HE AND NYSSA SIT) Very well, Emily, but I won't give up.

EMILY:
Fire's burning low in the grate. (FX: EMILY UNLOCKS FRONT DOOR) Best fetch some wood.

NYSSA:
Please — be careful —

(FX: EMILY CLOSES DOOR BEHIND)

NYSSA:
Doctor, do you think she's safe out there?

DOCTOR:
(REMEMBERING SOMETHING) Fire.

NYSSA:
What?

DOCTOR:
Fire. The fire! Wheels turning, bells ringing. Nyssa, do you remember?

NYSSA:
(SLOWLY) We were talking about fire. We'd just stepped out of the TARDIS, and we were talking about fire!

DOCTOR:
The Great Fire of London to be precise…

(FX: CROSSFADE, OR REVERSE ECHO, INTO:)

SCENE 6: EXT. WOODS (FLASHBACK)

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES. WOODLAND ATMOS, NO WIND. TARDIS DOOR OPENS.)

DOCTOR:
(WALKING OUT) It's 1665, Nyssa. A whole year yet, before Pudding Lane. Do keep up.

NYSSA:
(FOLLOWING HIM) Do we really have to explore, every time we land somewhere unintended?

DOCTOR:
(FX: CLOSING TARDIS DOOR) He who never explores, Nyssa, will never truly find himself.

NYSSA:
Who said that?

DOCTOR:
Me, just then. I think that's rather good, actually. (BEAT) Look — sunset. Isn't that worth leaving the old box for?

NYSSA:
If you say so, Doctor…

(FX: NARRATION RUNS OVER:)

NYSSA:
(V/O) Doctor, it's all coming back. As we looked at that sunset…

DOCTOR:
(V/O) Yes. We were ambushed.

(FX: THICK BUBBLING SOUND AS AMORPHOUS SPEERA-BLOBS SWOOP DOWN TO ATTACK THEM)

DOCTOR:
What was that-?

(FX: THE SLAP OF AMORPHOUS SPEERA-BLOBS ON FLESH)

NYSSA:
AHHHH!

NYSSA:
(V/O) It was all a blur. But something struck the back of my neck…

(FX: THE SLAP OF AMORPHOUS SPEERA-BLOBS ON FLESH)

DOCTOR:
(V/O) Something with the texture of warm clay.

NYSSA:
(V/O) And then that terrible hum.

(FX: EERIE DRONING HUM OF SPEERA-ASSIMILATION)

NYSSA:
Doctor! There's something *on* me. I can't move!

DOCTOR:
Me too. Stay calm, Nyssa. Just… stay calm.

NYSSA:
What are they doing, Doctor? Make them stop! Please, make them stop!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

SCENE 7: INT. COTTAGE – MAIN ROOM

(FX: FADE UP. LOW HEARTH FIRE)

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) I can't remember anything else. Until the woodshed.

NYSSA:
(SOTTO) I don't think I want to. But I'm feeling a little stronger.

DOCTOR:
Whatever happened to us must have induced both the fear and the memory loss, but both are fading. (FX: STANDING UP, SCRAPING CHAIR) Nyssa – take a look at Ivy, would you? Let me know if anything can be done for her.

NYSSA:
Of course. Where are you going?

DOCTOR:
To make sure Emily's alright with that wood.

SCENE 8: EXT. WOODS

(FX: WIND HOWLS, WHISTLES)

CLONE NYSSA:
Hungry now. So very, very hungry. Fifty per cent is frustrating.

CLONE DOCTOR:
I feel it too. The pain of the incomplete.

CLONE NYSSA:
When can we fulfil The Great Becoming?

CLONE DOCTOR:
Now. Now, we feed.

SCENE 9: INT. COTTAGE, IVY'S BEDROOM

(FX: MECHANICAL CLOCK TICKS. WIND HOWLS OUTSIDE. IVY MOANS GENTLY, DELIRIOUS)

NYSSA:
(FX: TAPPING GENTLY AT DOOR, THEN PUSHING IT FULLY OPEN) Ivy? Ivy?

IVY:
(IN BED, AFRAID, WEAK) Who is that? Stay away!

NYSSA:
(APPROACHING BED) My name is Nyssa. I've come to see if I can help. What is the nature of your illness?

IVY:
"Nyssa", ma'am? Where might a name like that be from?

NYSSA:
Oh, a long way away.

IVY:
Foreign lands, eh? I never seen 'em. Never will.

NYSSA:
You don't know that for sure.

IVY:
I always liked the sound of France. But (GENTLE LAUGH) it might as well be the moon. Still, a good life. Yes, good enough for Ivy Cobham. (BEAT) You've a kind face, ma'am. Come closer.

NYSSA:
It must be a great comfort that you and Emily are still living together.

IVY:
(CONFUSED) … What's that you say, ma'am?

NYSSA:
You and Emily. I just mean: some sisters might have gone their separate ways by now.

IVY:
I… I don't know no Emily, ma'am. And I never had a sister.

NYSSA:
But — she's your twin.

IVY:
(ALARMED) My twin? No, ma'am, don't say that. I thought they were just bad dreams!

NYSSA:
What dreams?

IVY:
One of those dreams where you can't move. And there were demons. Terrible demons: so calm, raking their fingers through my mind…

(FX: FINGERS SLOWLY TAP ON WINDOW-GLASS)

NYSSA:
(SOTTO) What was that-?

IVY:
Something… someone at the window.

NYSSA:
It's windy outside, I'm sure it was just a branch.

IVY:
But — but there's no tree past the glass. (ALARM) Please! No! Stay away from the curtains!

NYSSA:
(STEELING HERSELF) I've had enough of being afraid.

IVY:
My nerves can't take it. Please don't open 'em!

NYSSA:
I'm sorry.

(FX: CURTAINS ARE YANKED APART)

IVY:
(GASPS) There is! There's someone! By all the saints, who is it-?

NYSSA:
(UNNERVED) It's… it's *me*.

SCENE 10: INT. COTTAGE — MAIN ROOM

(FX: EMILY STOKING FIRE)

EMILY:
There, sir. Now the fire will last all night.

DOCTOR:
(MUSING) “Improbable”.

EMILY:
I assure ye it will.

DOCTOR:
No, Emily: you called the Hopkins and Stearne ghost stories “improbable”. Where did you learn a word like that? I mean, I find it a touch improbable that you would use it. Not because you lack the intelligence to employ it, but because it sits badly in your mouth. Almost as if someone else was saying it. Someone else, letting themselves slip.

EMILY:
Pardon me, sir?

SCENE 11: INT. IVY'S BEDROOM

(FX: CLONE NYSSA TAPS AT THE WINDOW AGAIN)

IVY:
Ma'am, this is a devil, come to trick us, or worse. She looks all… burned, but she has your eyes.

NYSSA:
No. She's half me. Almost as if she's half-developed.

IVY:
Get away from that window, ma'am.

NYSSA:
(TO CLONE NYSSA AT WINDOW) Hello? What do you want?

IVY:
I begs thee, get away!

SCENE 12: INT. COTTAGE — MAIN ROOM

(FX: FIRE BURNS FULL STRENGTH)

DOCTOR:
Oh, don't pay any attention to me, Emily: perhaps it's just the paranoia I've experienced. But then there's the small matter of the Plague.

EMILY:
The Plague?

DOCTOR:
It's rampant in London right now, and spreading further afield. It's one thing to let strangers in because they sound afraid. Quite another to risk them bringing bubonic plague into your house — wouldn't you say, 'Emily'?

(FX: FROM ADJACENT ROOM, A WINDOW SMASHES. NYSSA SCREAMS!)

DOCTOR:
Nyssa!

(FX: DASHES OUT, INTO:)

SCENE 13: INT. IVY'S BEDROOM (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: CLOCK TICKS. WIND LOUDER THROUGH BROKEN WINDOW. DOOR OPENS, DOCTOR RUNS IN)

DOCTOR:
(STOPPING SHORT – NYSSA'S NOT THERE) Nyssa?! Nyssa?!

EMILY:
(COLD, CLINICAL) The young woman has been taken.

DOCTOR:
'Taken'? Taken where?

EMILY:
To a place where we can feed without interference.

DOCTOR:
I warn you now – if any harm befalls her…

EMILY:
There is no "if". The probability is one hundred per cent.

DOCTOR:
Probability again. (CHECKING THE BED) I take it *this* is Ivy? … Oh. No pulse.

EMILY:
'Ivy' is now an empty vessel. She has served her purpose.

DOCTOR:
This woman wasn't your twin, was she? She was the original on which you modelled yourself!

EMILY:
Correct. It takes two full charges to duplicate a human.

DOCTOR:
"Charges"? You think of humans as… as batteries?

EMILY:
The first charge allows duplication to begin. Each template must be allowed to recover before we take the second.

DOCTOR:
I assume that's why we were locked up in the woodshed.

EMILY:
You recovered from the first charge sooner than expected.

DOCTOR:
So there are half-formed versions of Nyssa and I walking around out there? Well, this is all very informative, but I have to find the original Nyssa. So if you'll excuse me…

(FX: FLINTLOCK PISTOL COCKS)

DOCTOR:
Oh.

EMILY:
You were incorrect to say that this weapon would be unnecessary.

SCENE 14: EXT. RIVER BANK

(FX: SPEERA-ASSIMILATION HUM THROUGHOUT. STREAM RUNS NEARBY, WIND WHISTLES.)

NYSSA:
(BEING GRIPPED TIGHTLY, BEING SLOWLY DRAINED OF ENERGY)
Please, just let me go.

CLONE NYSSA:
Ninety-eight per cent of your body is now paralysed. Escape is impossible, unless you roll down the bank into the water. I shall not allow this to happen.

NYSSA:
What are you doing to me?

CLONE NYSSA:
Draining you of your life-force. Assimilating your genetic data. Adopting your identity. The first charge gave us your basic body structure.

NYSSA:
And now you're taking my mind?

CLONE NYSSA:
Correct. Our invasion will require stealth. It is necessary for us to adopt both the outward appearance of humankind, and its internal characteristics.

NYSSA:
And what happens to me after this?

CLONE NYSSA:
Precisely what happened to the human, Ivy.

SCENE 15: INT. COTTAGE — MAIN ROOM

(FX: FIRE BURNS FULL STRENGTH)

DOCTOR:
I don't suppose you'll pay any mind to the humble suggestion that you pack up and head home?

EMILY:
The Speera will never retreat. Please stand by the fire, where I can see you.

DOCTOR:
Tell me… why did you invent an Emily, when we arrived? I'm guessing you drew upon poor Ivy's memories — perhaps memories of how she behaved when she had visitors before. But why bother? You could have just paralysed us and got it over with.

EMILY:
Biding time. Controlling you. Waiting for you to recharge. We have discovered that one hundred per cent of humans cannot recharge when immobilized.

DOCTOR:
Remarkably fond of figures, aren't you.

EMILY:
Numbers yield precision. Precision yields results.

DOCTOR:
Which mean nothing, compared to respecting life.

EMILY:
You respect life in all its forms?

DOCTOR:
I do. Well, unless you happen to have an eye-stalk and a habit of exterminating galaxies.

EMILY:
The Speera do not. This world will be sufficient for us to flourish. Therefore, you must respect us and our intention to assimilate the entire population.

DOCTOR:
Logically, that should be true. In reality, however, I'm going to walk out of the front door. Goodbye.

EMILY:
Stop! I will use this device.

DOCTOR:
No. No, you won't kill me. There's nothing like death to bring about a one hundred per cent energy loss. And with me dead, you won't be able to finish the process of…

(FX: FRONT DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

DOCTOR:
(SURPRISED BY HIS CLONE) … assimilating me. Oh. Hello. My clone-self, I presume?

CLONE DOCTOR:
You are my template. When assimilation is complete, I will be indistinguishable from you.

DOCTOR:
Apart from the fact that I'll be dead?

EMILY:
Surrender yourself to The Great Becoming, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Thanks awfully, but I rather think I'll resist it instead. Stand aside, Doctor.

CLONE DOCTOR:
Your failure to resist the first charge was precisely one hundred per cent.

(F/X: CLONE DOCTOR WALKS IN WITH FRANKENSTEIN-CLOMPS)

DOCTOR:
I have a rule to never be paralysed twice in one day. So I'm afraid I must be off.

CLONE DOCTOR:
This door is the only way out.

DOCTOR:
You're forgetting the broken window in Ivy's room. Goodbye!

(FX: DOCTOR RUNS ACROSS ROOM, EXITS)

EMILY:
After him!

SCENE 16: EXT. RIVER BANK

(FX: RIVER, WIND)

CLONE NYSSA:
Assimilation seventy-two per cent complete.

NYSSA:
Please… stop…

CLONE NYSSA:
It is too late. Your mind is opening up to me. Your memories.

NYSSA:
I will fight this with everything I have.

CLONE NYSSA:
(CURIOUS) I feel… I feel the sun on my skin.

NYSSA:
What?

CLONE NYSSA:
I play in the endless gardens. Warm seasons seem to last forever.

NYSSA:
You're inside my mind!

CLONE NYSSA:
Sunrise and sunset, my favourite times of day. When my father is home —

NYSSA:
Don't you dare speak of him!

CLONE NYSSA:
When my father is home, we sit together in the Grove. We watch the sun. I am happy.

NYSSA:
Stop this.

CLONE NYSSA:
I study and achieve. Father's face, so proud. One day, he disappears forever. So does my world. But now I have a new home, a new [father —]

NYSSA:
Get out of my head!

CLONE NYSSA:
Assimilation seventy-nine per cent complete.

NYSSA:
(WEAK) No…

DOCTOR:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Take your hand off her neck and step away.

CLONE NYSSA:
(ALMOST SOUNDING LIKE NYSSA NOW) Doctor, what's the matter?

DOCTOR:
Don't be ridiculous – you're still not fully formed. Anyone can see who the real Nyssa is. Take your hand away.

CLONE NYSSA:
Doctor, you're scaring me.

DOCTOR:
And you're underestimating the momentum generated by a well-placed (EFFORT, SHOVING HER) *shove*.

CLONE NYSSA:
Aaaah!

(FX: CLONE NYSSA HITS GROUND, ROLLS DOWN RIVER BANK. SPLASH!)

NYSSA:
Good timing.

DOCTOR:
If you say so. It struck me as rather last-minute. Let's (STRAINING) carry you back to the TARDIS, shall we?

NYSSA:
How deep is the river?

DOCTOR:
One way to find out. (FX: SPLASHES AS DOCTOR RUNS ACROSS KNEE-DEEP RIVER) We need to regroup and find a way to stop the Speera.

CLONE NYSSA:
(RISING OUT OF WATER, OFF) There shall be no escape.

NYSSA:
Doctor! The other me! She's coming after us!

DOCTOR:
(RUNNING) Never look back, Nyssa. It's always worked for me.

(FX: SPLASHES STOP)

DOCTOR:
(RUNNING) There! We can move faster on dry land. Just have to keep going and… (STOPS RUNNING, CRESTFALLEN) Ahhh.

CLONE VILLAGERS:
(ABOVE THEM) Stop. You will stop.
You shall not escape.
You shall not pass. [ETC]

NYSSA:
Doctor, there's more of them! They're all around us!

DOCTOR:
Yes. (ALOUD) The villagers of Red Lodge, I presume-?

EMILY:
(STEPPING FORWARD) What made you think you were different from the other ninety-eight per cent of humans in this experimental area? (TO OTHERS) Bring them back to Red Lodge. We shall end this on the village green.

SCENE 17: EXT. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: FADE UP)

DOCTOR:
(BEING MARCHED FORWARD) Nyssa, I'm really very sorry about this.

NYSSA:
(DITTO) It's not your fault, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
(DITTO) It's always my fault.

EMILY:
My brethren! Abandon your positions and gather 'round. The first stage of the invasion of our new home planet reaches its conclusion.

CLONE VILLAGERS:
The Great Becoming! The Great Becoming! The Great Becoming! (CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND)

NYSSA:
Please, just let us go.

EMILY:
Death shall be your freedom. Your Speera-twins will now enjoy their final feed, that they may become whole.

CLONE NYSSA:
(ADVANCING) This time, we will not be interrupted.

NYSSA:
Stay back! Please!

CLONE NYSSA:
Assimilating now.

(FX: SPEERA ASSIMILATION-HUM, CONTINUES THROUGHOUT)

CLONE DOCTOR:
Assimilating now. Soon, I shall access the memory store.

DOCTOR:
(EFFORT, BEING DRAINED) So… "experimental area". This is a test-run? For the full invasion?

EMILY:
Correct. With you and the girl, we now have one hundred human test-conversions.

NYSSA:
(SOTTO) Doctor, they still think we're human.

DOCTOR:
So one of us is the hundredth? Surely we should win a prize. No? Still, it's all about the taking part.

EMILY:
Silence, fool.

NYSSA:
(ALOUD) The Doctor is definitely more foolish than the average human. Your experimental findings should back that up.

EMILY:
What do you mean?

DOCTOR:
(PERPLEXED) Yes, Nyssa, whatever do you mean?

NYSSA:
(ALOUD) Just that the average human lacks extreme failings. Mentally, they are neither too foolish nor too clever for their own good. Physically, neither weak nor muscle-bound.

DOCTOR:
Are you going anywhere in particular with this?

CLONE DOCTOR:
Be quiet. Gaining access to memory store.

DOCTOR:
Kindly stop referring to my brain as a "memory store".

NYSSA:
(ALOUD) Emily, if you had any kind of worthwhile army, it would replicate the average human paradigm. It would merge the strengths of each gender. Thankfully, that's beyond your pathetic capability.

EMILY:
How wrong you are. The mighty Speera can utilize its gathered data however it chooses. (TO CROWD) Silence, my brethren.

(FX: CROWD CHANT STOPS)

EMILY:
Let us show them before they die. We shall collate our findings and adopt the statistically average human form.

DOCTOR:
Nyssa, why are you helping them?

NYSSA:
Because… my *heart's* in the right place. Just like yours.

EMILY:
We shall now transform.

DOCTOR:
(GETTING IT) Ah. Emily, this mightn't be such a good idea.

EMILY:
Spare us your reverse psychology, Doctor. Your friend's loose tongue will aid our triumph over humanity.

DOCTOR:
It really won't. Please, there's still a chance —

EMILY:
That is enough!

CLONE DOCTOR:
I am inside the Doctor's memory store. Wait. There is something [wrong] -

EMILY:
Cease assimilation, both of you! (FX: SPEERA TRANSFORMATION-HUM STOPS.) Their minds can wait - we have their bodies. (TO CROWD) The rest of you — link hands! Reassimilate! Regress to the human mean!

(FX: WARPING SOUND AS HUNDREDS OF SPEERA MORPH INTO NEW FORM)

(BEAT)

EMILY:
(VOICE DIFFERENT, QUITE ALIEN) You see, Doctor? Look now upon the Earth's new human race. Genderless and statistically optimized.

DOCTOR:
Oh, Emily, if you'd only gone home like a good Speera…

98 CLONE EMILYS:
(ALL BEGIN GASPING, EXPERIENCING SUDDEN PAIN IN CHEST)

EMILY:
(EXPERIENCING SUDDEN PAIN) What is this? This… pain? In my chest?

NYSSA:
In *all* your chests. The Doctor has two hearts, but you've counted him as one person. One hundred and one divided by one hundred, means that you each have an extra point-one of a heart.

DOCTOR:
That, and a whole variety of other, non-human glitches in your new biology…

EMILY:
What?!

DOCTOR:
… all of which adds up to a series of fatal anomalies, I'm afraid.

EMILY:
We must transform again!

OTHER EMILYS:
Insufficient time to re-energise.
I cannot breathe.
Help us! Please!!!

(FX: WIDESPREAD AGONISED MOANING, AMONG THE SPEERA CLONES, UNTIL END OF SCENE)

EMILY:
(DYING) This… cannot be happening. The mighty… Speera…

NYSSA:
Doctor, why are your eyes closed? Are you all right?

DOCTOR:
I just can't watch.

(FX: FADE)

SCENE 18: EXT. VILLAGE GREEN (LATER)

(FX: FADE UP. BIRDS TWEETING)

NYSSA:
I just wriggled my fingers, I'm sure of it.

DOCTOR:
Yes, the paralysis is wearing off.

NYSSA:
I have that terrible 'dread' feeling again.

DOCTOR:
Yes, but this time, we know why we feel it. The biggest fear lies in not knowing why you're afraid.

NYSSA:
Finally, some daylight! Feels like it's been dark forever. Look — you can see the horizon.

DOCTOR:
I might appreciate it more if we weren't surrounded by the dissolving residue of Speera.

NYSSA:
Doctor, they would have killed us without a second thought. You should be grateful they've gone.

DOCTOR:
I take no pleasure from winning a battle in this way, Nyssa. Gratitude for the death of others soon chews through the soul. However, I must admit that your idea was technically inspired. You knew the Speera would be meticulous with their calculations.

NYSSA:
I'm glad they weren't meticulous enough to notice that you have two hearts. Or that neither of us was from Earth.

DOCTOR:
The Speera saw the human brain as a box of facts, paying no attention to the connective tissue which truly makes someone alive. It's unsurprising that they might overlook matters of heart and home. Right! Time to (STRAINS) sit up. Yes, that's the stuff. Now — time to locate the TARDIS.

NYSSA:
Doctor? Can we stay here a minute longer? To see the full sunrise? (BEAT) Please?

DOCTOR:
Yes, if you'd like to. Of course. (SITS BACK DOWN) Is — is everything alright?

NYSSA:
It's just that — for some time now, I haven't really allowed myself to think about Traken. About my father. But the Speera in my mind brought everything back.

DOCTOR:
Ah.

NYSSA:
They were good memories, Doctor. Happy memories. They haven't been so happy in a long time.

DOCTOR:
Well, things always brighten. Given time.

NYSSA:
Yes. (BEAT) Look at all that golden sunlight, coming up over the horizon. It's so very beautiful.

DOCTOR:
Yes. Yes, I suppose it is. And when you think about it, there's no hurry, is there? No hurry at all.

THE END

2: THE ENTROPY COMPOSITION

A ONE-PART ADVENTURE BY **RICK BRIGGS**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON
Time traveller.

NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON
Time traveller's companion.

ERISI:
Young woman – an Entropy Siren.

NALOOM:
Elderly musical archivist.

MRS MOLONEY:
Housekeeper and battleaxe.

ALSO: GEOFF COOPER.

DIRECTOR: KEN BENTLEY
SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES
PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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SCENE 1: INT. RECORDING STUDIO

GEOFF COOPER:
(SOUTH LONDON) Ready, darlin'? Count me in.

ERISI:
(WHISPERS, VERY CLOSE) One… Two; One… Two… Three…

(FX: A GUITAR CHORD. AND BEHIND IT, A DISCORDANT, JARRING CLAMOUR, RISING IN VOLUME: THE ENTROPY COMPOSITION.)

ERISI:
Four!

(FX: GEOFF COOPER SCREAMS — AWFUL AGONY! THE SCREAM FADES AWAY AS THE JARRING MUSIC SPIKES. CUT TO:)

SCENE 2: INT. CONCORDUM (VAULTED HALL)

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOORS OPEN.)

NYSSA:
(FX: STEPPING OUT ONTO MARBLE FLOOR) What is this place, Doctor? It's huge — like a cathedral!

DOCTOR:
(FX: CLOSING TARDIS DOOR) Welcome to Concordum, Nyssa.

NYSSA:
All these doors. What's behind them?

DOCTOR:
Concordum is a repository for the most heavenly music, all the way back to the dawn of time. An mp3 player on a planetary [scale] — Ah, just what we need!

NYSSA:
What?

DOCTOR:
A display panel. Access to the archives.

(FX: BLEEPY KEYPAD SOUNDS. FOLLOWED BY A MICROSOFT-LIKE NOTIFICATION ALARM.)

DOCTOR:
Here we go. Subchamber F59, neoclassical wing. That's half a mile east, three levels up. Come on.

(FX: THEY START WALKING, FOOTSTEPS ECHOING ON THE VAST HALL'S STONE FLOOR. FADE.)

SCENE 3: INT. CONCORDUM (ANOTHER LEVEL)

(FX: FADE UP. THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA, STILL WALKING. SOME DISTANCE OFF, APPROACHING.)

DOCTOR:
(WALKING) There are millions of vaults like this, covering the entire planet.

NYSSA:
(FOLLOWING) Very nice too. But I thought we were going to see the Terileptus Event Horizon? The most magnificent sunset in this part of spacetime, you said.

DOCTOR:
(STOPPING) Look, we're here!

NYSSA:
Subchamber F59. So?

DOCTOR:
Read the plaque.

NYSSA:
I still don't [see what's so] … (SURPRISE) Oh.

DOCTOR:
'Plane or Space Curves and Surfaces Consisting of Parts Similar to the Whole'. Chamber music by Kremmisus, court composer to the inaugural consul of the Traken Union. Lots of lutes. Can't say I care much for lutes…

NYSSA:
My father loved this piece. He used to play it for my stepmother, when she was low. However did you know?

DOCTOR:
I… well, I just thought…

NYSSA:
You knew I'd been thinking about Traken. You came here for me. And you so wanted to see that Horizon before it folded.

DOCTOR:
Well, we can always go another day.

NYSSA:
Not quite the same, is it, when it's not live? Now you're going to sit through a whole Traken geometrical sonata instead.

DOCTOR:
Actually, I was thinking I might have a wander around while you listen. Traken was in many ways a wise and admirable culture. But, like I say, lutes aren't really my thing.

NYSSA:
All the same, Doctor — it's very sweet of you.

DOCTOR:
Yes, well — I'll just open the door. (FX: BLEEPY KEYBOARD SOUNDS. SIMULTANEOUSLY, FRANTIC FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.) But please don't call me 'sweet' again.

NALOOM:
(RUSHING UP, PANICKED) No! Not that chamber, it's not safe! Please, don't-!

(FX: TOO LATE! DOORS SWOOSH OPEN. A DELUGE OF DISCORDANT HOWLING NOISE FLOODS OUT… THE SAME SOUNDS WE HEARD BACK IN SCENE 1. BURIED IN THE CACOPHONY, A YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE LAUGHS. THE DOCTOR SCREAMS!)

NYSSA:
(OVER THE NOISE) Doctor!

NALOOM:
(SHOUTS) Stay out of the door! Don't stand in its way!

(FX: DOORS SWOOSH SHUT. THE DISCORDANT DIN IS CUT OFF.)

DOCTOR:
(BREATHING HARD) It's alright. I've got it.

NYSSA:
Doctor! What happened?

DOCTOR:
I'm not entirely sure. (TO NALOOM) You must be the archivist.

NALOOM:
Naloom. Curator of the Western Spiral collection. I started as a junior on the sublevels, you know. Cataloguing downloads. Just goes to show [that —]

DOCTOR:
Yes. Jolly interesting. What was that noise?

NALOOM:
(REFOCUSED) There was a girl. She released it. Now it's spreading through the collection… destroying so many priceless harmonies…

NYSSA:
What is it? An aural virus?

DOCTOR:
Every sound's viral, when you think about it. Expanding outwards, transferring vibration from particle to particle. Except…

NYSSA:
Except for what?

DOCTOR:
Well, except for primal sonics. But they're just a theory.

NALOOM:
I've seen that terrible sound rend flesh and bone. If you'd have taken the blast directly…

DOCTOR:
Yes. But I keep hearing bells, that can't be good. Can I access the datacore from here?

NALOOM:
Yes, but —

DOCTOR:
This shouldn't take long.

(FX: MORE BLEEPY KEYPAD SOUNDS.)

NALOOM:
(TO NYSSA) What's he doing?

NYSSA:
He's tracing the infection. Back to its source.

(FX: MICROSOFT-LIKE NOTIFICATION ALARM.)

DOCTOR:
Here it is, ground zero. One single recording within the collection. 'White Waves, Soft Haze', composed on Earth in the late nineteen-sixties by one Geoff Cooper. Genre: Progressive rock.

NYSSA:
What's that?

DOCTOR:
Again, not really my thing.

NALOOM:
If I may elaborate…?

DOCTOR:
Please do.

NALOOM:
(ENCYCLOPAEDIC) Geoffrey Belvedere Cooper, born 1941, was a reclusive guitarist working in the progressive rock field. Known to aficionados as 'The Coop', his quartet achieved notoriety on the club circuit through a short composition entitled 'You Can See My Pad, Doll'. Which I believe was banned by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Would you like to hear it?

NYSSA:
Yes please.

DOCTOR:
Absolutely not.

NALOOM:
Suit yourself. (SNIFFS) After a brief solo career, Mr Cooper vanished without trace before completing his final composition — a psychedelic suite entitled 'White Waves, Soft Haze.' Never released.

NYSSA:
That's impressive.

NALOOM:
I am an archivist, young lady. This is my archive.

DOCTOR:
Nyssa! TARDIS! Now!

(FX: THEY RUSH OFF. FADE)

SCENE 4: INT. KITCHEN

(FX: FADE UP. CHOPPING VEGETABLES.)

ERISI:
(DRAINED & MONOTONAL) You are preparing dinner?

MRS MOLONEY:
(STARTLED, STOPS CHOPPING) Blimey! My beating heart! Do you have to sneak around like that, girl? You nearly did for me there. I've told you before to stay out of my kitchen…

ERISI:
You are preparing dinner? For your master?

MRS MOLONEY:
He's not my master. He pays my wages, that's all. Not the same thing.

ERISI:
He sent me to tell you. Mr Cooper will not require dinner today. He is busy, in the studio. He will be there until his music is complete.

MRS MOLONEY:
Is that so? Why doesn't he tell me himself?

ERISI:
He is busy. In —

MRS MOLONEY:
In the studio. I heard you the first time. Well, as it happens this is my dinner, not his. When was the last time he ate his greens, anyway?

ERISI:
I will tell him you understand. He is not to be disturbed. (EXITS)

MRS MOLONEY:
You tell him what you like, girl.

(FX: SHE STARTS CHOPPING AGAIN.)

MRS MOLONEY:
(SOTTO) Trollop!

SCENE 5: EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE

(FX: FADE UP. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOORS OPEN. LEAVES RUSTLE IN THE BREEZE.)

DOCTOR:
1968. The country estate of Geoffrey Cooper, rock icon.

(FX: THEY STEP OUT ONTO GRAVEL.)

NYSSA:
Nice place.

DOCTOR:
(FX: CLOSING DOOR) Do you think so? It seems a little ostentatious for only one man.

NYSSA:
This from a homeowner who doesn't even know how many rooms he's got.

DOCTOR:
(WALKING) Quiet, isn't it?

NYSSA:
(WALKING) The rich like their privacy.

DOCTOR:
They like their isolation. (STOPPING) But this isn't quiet like tranquillity. It's quiet like death. No birds. No animals. Just the breeze…

MRS MOLONEY:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Hey! You two! What do you want?

NYSSA:
And a rather angry-looking woman.

DOCTOR:
She's coming over. Let me handle this…

NYSSA:
Be my guest.

MRS MOLONEY:
(ARRIVING) This is private land. Didn't you see the signs? Although I suppose you pair are used to breaking into places you've no right to be. Look at you, in your King's Road rags and your… your… Is that a vegetable you're wearing?

DOCTOR:
It's decorative. We're here to see Mr Cooper. Perhaps you could let him know we've arrived? We're… friends of his. Musicians!

MRS MOLONEY:
You don't fool me, sonny. None of his musician friends call him 'Mr Cooper'. It's all 'cat' this, and 'dude' that. Now, if you don't scarper, I'm calling the [police.]

NYSSA:
(CUTTING IN, UNCHARACTERISTICALLY BRASSY) He's not a musician. Just wishes he was.

MRS MOLONEY:
And who might you be?

NYSSA:
Met The Coop in a club. Asked me back to see his pad, he did. (GETTING HER TEETH INTO THE ROLE) Couldn't shake this cat once I'd told him. The Coop's his idol.

MRS MOLONEY:
Oh, I see. You're a groupie.

NYSSA:
(BACK TO NORMAL) What's that?

DOCTOR:
Never mind. (TO MRS M.) So, can we see him then? The Coop?

MRS MOLONEY:
He's in his studio. Not to be disturbed.

DOCTOR:
Well, we'll just 'hang out' here til he's free, if that's alright.

NYSSA:
If The Coop don't like it, he can tell us to scarper himself — right, doll?

MRS MOLONEY:
Doll?!? (BEAT) Oh, suit yourselves. You stay in the kitchen, mind, where I can keep an eye on you. (FX: SHE TRAMPS OFF, ACROSS THE GRAVEL.) I'll tell you this. though, I don't approve. He could at least stick to one girl at a time…

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO, TO NYSSA) I'm seeing a whole new side to you today…

NYSSA:
Come on.

(FX: THEY FOLLOW MRS MOLONEY ACROSS THE GRAVEL. LEAVES RUSTLE.)

DOCTOR:
Funny about the birds…

SCENE 6: INT. KITCHEN

MRS MOLONEY:
Here we are then. Warm and wet.

(FX: SHE POURS TEA.)

NYSSA:
Thank you for the tea, Mrs Moloney. It's most welcome. (SIPS TEA)

MRS MOLONEY:
That's quite alright, love. Nice to see you've not lost your manners along with your morals.

NYSSA:
(SPLUTTERING) I'm [sorry-?!?]

DOCTOR:
That bowl, by the fridge, Mrs M. You have a dog?

MRS MOLONEY:
Abaddon. Mr Cooper dotes on him. (SIGHS) Ain't seen him since yesterday, mind. It's a big estate, but still — it's not like Abaddon to miss his food, not like him at all…

NYSSA:
(SOTTO) No birds… no dog…

MRS MOLONEY:
Mind you, his master's the same. I'm supposed to be his cook, but he hasn't eaten a proper meal in weeks. Marmite and biscuits, that's all he'll touch. I'm neither use nor ornament these days. He's in that studio all of the time, day and night. Ever since he met [that girl…]

NYSSA:
(CUTTING IN) What do you make of his music, Mrs M?

MRS MOLONEY:
Oh, his old stuff's not so bad. When he was with the band. All that banging's not really my cup o' tea, but I suppose it's alright for you young 'uns.

DOCTOR:
I, uh, prefer his more recent material. Have you heard his latest? 'White Waves, Soft Haze'?

MRS MOLONEY:
Is that what it's called? Silly bloomin' name. No, he hasn't let me hear it. Hasn't let anyone hear it, 'cept that girl…

NYSSA:
What girl?

MRS MOLONEY:
Elissa. Erissa. Something foreign. She's there with him now, in the studio.

NYSSA:
Oh!

MRS MOLONEY:
Now there's a madam without any manners. Not like you, love. (MISCHIEF-MAKING) P'raps… p'raps I should take you over? After all, you were invited. That'd put her majesty's nose right out of joint.

NYSSA:
Well, if you're sure it won't be any trouble…

MRS MOLONEY:
Course not, love. Come on, drink up! Step lively!

(FX: SLURPED TEA. CUPS AND SAUCERS CLINK.)

SCENE 7: INT. STAIRS TO CELLAR

(FX: BOLT UNDONE. DOOR PUSHED OPEN)

MRS MOLONEY:
(FX: LEADING DOCTOR AND NYSSA DOWNSTAIRS) Mr Cooper's studio is in the cellar. Watch out for the mice.

NYSSA:
You have mice?

MRS MOLONEY:
Whole house is riddled with 'em. Nasty beggars.

DOCTOR:
But have you seen any recently? In the last few days?

MRS MOLONEY:
Now that you mention it, no. Good riddance to 'em!

NYSSA:
(SOTTO) Doctor, the animals. Why would they all disappear?

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) I'm not sure.

MRS MOLONEY:
(STOPPING) Well, here we are then.

DOCTOR:
(STOPPED) The studio?

MRS MOLONEY:
In you go.

(FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN, INTO:)

SCENE 8: INT. RECORDING STUDIO (CONTINUOUS)

MRS MOLONEY:
This is the mixing desk. Studio proper's through the glass, see? — Oh, he's turned the lights out.

NYSSA:
Why?

MRS MOLONEY:
Like I say, you're a nice girl.

DOCTOR:
Look at this. A lute! Marvellous…

(FX: HE STRUMS THE STRINGS.)

NYSSA:
I thought you didn't like lutes.

DOCTOR:
When did I say that?

NYSSA:
Back on Concordum. Subchamber F59.

DOCTOR:
(AWKWARD) Oh, well… this one's marvellous. (TO MRS M) Mrs M. Where's Mr… Where's The Coop, I mean?

MRS MOLONEY:
Oh, he'll be in there somewhere.

NYSSA:
If he's recording, why can't we hear anything? No music.

MRS MOLONEY:
You wouldn't out here, love. It's soundproofed. But see that light, above the door? It means Mr Cooper ain't in a session just now.

NYSSA:
So we can go in?

DOCTOR:
Better knock first. Just to be safe.

(FX: NYSSA KNOCKS HESITANTLY. A PAUSE.)

NYSSA:
No answer. Perhaps we should [wait —]

MRS MOLONEY:
… Oh, there she is, skulking behind the glass. (MIMING TO ERISI) Yes, love. You, love. Visitors, love.

DOCTOR:
She can see you. But she's not paying any attention, just standing there, like a statue.

MRS MOLONEY:
So rude! Foreign, I told you. They're all the same.

DOCTOR:
No, no. It's as if she's listening to something… What did you say her name was again?

MRS MOLONEY:
Out of the way, I'll give her what-for!

(FX: ANOTHER KNOCK ON THE DOOR, LOUDER AND MORE SUSTAINED.)

MRS MOLONEY:
Oi! You in there! I know you can hear me!

DOCTOR:
(ASIDE) Do you see that, Nyssa? On the floor of the studio…

NYSSA:
(ASIDE) Looks like rags. A pile of rags.

DOCTOR:
(ASIDE) And the glass… it's vibrating…

(FX: MRS M'S INSISTENT KNOCKING CEASES.)

MRS MOLONEY:
Right! That's it! I'm going in, I won't stand for Lady Muck treating this place like she owns it!

NYSSA:
Vibrating? What does that mean?

DOCTOR:
It means… (REALISATION, SHOUTS) Mrs M, no! Don't open the [door —]!

(FX: TOO LATE. THE DOOR OPENS. A TIDAL WAVE OF SOUND HITS THEM: 'WHITE WAVES, SOFT HAZE' — THE ENTROPY COMPOSITION. A SOUND TO TEAR YOUR SOUL APART!)

MRS MOLONEY:
(SCREAMS… AND FADES AWAY, BLASTED TO ATOMS.)

NYSSA:
(SHOUTING OVER THE NOISE) Doctor! She's disintegrating!

DOCTOR:
(SHOUTS) Every living atom torn apart, just a pile of clothes left! Like Geoff Cooper, in the studio! Fingers in ears, Nyssa! And stay away from the doorway — if the sound wave hits you directly, you're dead!

(IN THE STUDIO, ERISI IS LAUGHING WILDLY! SO VERY DIFFERENT FROM HER DRAINED TONE IN SCENE 4.)

NYSSA:
(SHOUTS) The woman! The girl! How come she's still [alive-]?

DOCTOR:
(SHOUTS) Not now, Nyssa! Back up the stairs! Run!

(FX: THEY RUN)

SCENE 9: INT. STAIRS FROM CELLAR/KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA RACING UP THE STAIRS -– FAST! THE ENTROPY COMPOSITION ROARS BEHIND HER.)

NYSSA:
Doctor! That noise! It's turning me inside out!

DOCTOR:
Up here! Once you're through, we can seal the cellar!

(FX: DOOR SLAMS! DOOR BOLTED. THE ROAR OF GEOFF COOPER'S 'MUSIC' IS MUFFLED.)

NYSSA:
We made it! We're safe.

DOCTOR:
We're not safe. No-one's safe. The sound is just a medium; it's what's *in* the sound that kills. Primal sonics!

NYSSA:
Primal sonics? But you said —

DOCTOR:
I know what I said. Those are quantum sounds out there. The roar of the universe's birth, before it was silenced by nucleosynthesis.

NYSSA:
The Music of the Spheres.

DOCTOR:
But what if those earliest sounds still survive, somewhere else? What if someone brought them back?

(FX: DOOR BOLT JIGGLES, RATTLES.)

NYSSA:
The bolt!

DOCTOR:
Hold it! Don't let her through!

NYSSA:
Why don't you hold it?

DOCTOR:
I'm busy. (SHOUTS) Erisi! Can you hear me? Erisi!!!

(FX: THE COMPOSITION DROPS DOWN IN PITCH.)

ERISI:
(MUFFLED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR) I hear you.

DOCTOR:
I know what you are, Erisi. What you're doing.

ERISI:
(THROUGH DOOR) My sisters and I danced before the stars were born! You would have thought us beautiful!

DOCTOR:
I sincerely doubt that.

ERISI:
(THROUGH DOOR) As your universe grew cold, we found new homes, where entropy reigned! We were content. Then — then I fell. Fell so very far…

DOCTOR:
I'm begging you, Erisi. Stop this. Destroy the recording, before it's too late!

ERISI:
(THROUGH DOOR) The sound of creation. The scream that birthed my race, before the first hydrogen atoms combined. Rending flesh, shattering souls. Only my sisters and I will survive its roar!

NYSSA:
Doctor! The door! I can't [hold it]!

(FX: THE DOOR BOLT STOPS RATTLING.)

NYSSA:
Oh.

DOCTOR:
It's alright. I think she's gone.

NYSSA:
Gone?!? But where?

DOCTOR:
Concordum. I heard her laughter, when I opened subchamber F59. She was there, inside the music.

NYSSA:
You knew her name.

DOCTOR:
Not her name, her race. Erisi. Entropy Sirens.

NYSSA:
Then you've met them before?

DOCTOR:
Of course not. No one has. The Entropy Sirens can't live in our reality, not since the first stars formed. They disappeared.

NYSSA:
Now one of them is back.

DOCTOR:
Without chaos to feed on, she knew she'd die. So she found Geoff Cooper. She became his muse. Directed him to compose 'White Waves, Soft Haze', then infiltrated a copy into Concordum's vaults.

NYSSA:
The archivist, Naloom. He said something about a girl…

DOCTOR:
In time, all of Concordum will be infected. Every last piece of music on that whole precious planet.

NYSSA:
Quantum particles of sound… an atmosphere where she can survive.

DOCTOR:
The thing is, it won't end with Concordum. The sound's been leaking from the cellar here for days. The animals felt it, they're more sensitive to the primitive universe. But it was just a trace, hardly even noticeable…

NYSSA:
And now primal sonics are abroad on Earth.

DOCTOR:
They'll multiply. Replacing every sound. Every clamour, clap and crash…

NYSSA:
Building, like a… like a feedback loop.

DOCTOR:
Until they fill the world.

NYSSA:
Then it's just as well it's shut up in the cellar. Sound can't open doors. —

(FX: RUMBLING FROM CELLAR AS COMPOSITION PITCH INCREASES. AN OMINOUS CRACKING OF WOOD — THE CELLAR DOOR BEGINNING TO SPLIT.)

DOCTOR:
It doesn't need to, not when it can shake the house apart!

(FX: JARS, WINDOWS SMASHING, BREAKING, OFF. LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE BEGINNING, ALL AROUND THEM.)

NYSSA:
What was that?

DOCTOR:
It's getting out. We'll never make it back to the TARDIS, unless…

NYSSA:
Unless what? Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Mousetraps. (DASHES OFF)

NYSSA:
Mousetraps?!?

DOCTOR:
The place is infested, that's what Mrs Moloney said. Look for mousetraps. Under the sink! In the pantry!

NYSSA:
Why mousetraps?

DOCTOR:
Mousetraps have cheese in! It'll shield our ears from the sound!

NYSSA:
You expect me to put cheese in my ears?

DOCTOR:
Well, have you got a better idea? (FINDS MOUSETRAP) Ha, found one! (FX: IT SNAPS ON HIS FINGERS) Owww!

NYSSA:
(OFF) There's one here, too!

DOCTOR:
Quick, block your ears, before —

(FX: THE CELLAR DOOR CRACKS OPEN. THE COMPOSITION BLASTS OUT. HOLD FOR A MOMENT, THEN CROSS TO:)

SCENE 10: EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE

(FX: LEAVES RUSTLE IN THE BREEZE. THE ENTROPY COMPOSITION A DULL THROB, INSIDE THE HOUSE. THEN — THE FRONT DOOR BANGS OPEN! THE CHAOTIC ROAR FROM INSIDE SUDDENLY GETS LOUDER!)

NYSSA:
(RUNNING, BREATHLESS) Doctor! The sound's out of the house, it's everywhere!

DOCTOR:
(RUNNING, BREATHLESS) Come on, Nyssa! We have to get back to Concordum!

NYSSA:
(RUNNING, BREATHLESS) Sorry? I can't hear you through the cheese!

DOCTOR:
(RUNNING TO HALT) Never mind. Key! Key! Ah, got it!

(FX: KEY IN LOCK. FUMBLES.)

NYSSA:
Doctor! Quickly!

(FX: DOOR OPENS.)

DOCTOR:
Inside!

SCENE 11: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT AGAIN, MUFFLING THE SOUNDS OF CHAOS OUTSIDE. NYSSA GASPS, SPENT. THE DOCTOR FIRES UP THE TIME ROTOR.)

NYSSA:
What are you doing?

DOCTOR:
Plotting a course. What does it look like?

NYSSA:
But we can't leave. The Erisi's entropy composition is spreading from the house! It'll cover the whole planet, we can't abandon Earth to be [annihilated]!

DOCTOR:
(NOT IN DIRECT RESPONSE, HE'S THINKING OF SOMETHING FROM EARLIER) What did you say?

NYSSA:
Take the cheese out of your ears, you might be able to hear me better? I said, we can't leave Earth to be [annihilated —]

DOCTOR:
Not that. I know that. What did you say in the kitchen? About the noise, building?

NYSSA:
Primal sonics? Quantum particles? Feedback loop?

DOCTOR:
(CLAPS!) Feedback loop! That was it! Nyssa, you're magnificent.

NYSSA:
Good. Would you care to explain why?

(FX: THE DOCTOR'S MANIPULATING TARDIS CONTROLS AS HE TALKS.)

DOCTOR:
The Erisi is clever — but she's missed something. She had Geoff Cooper compose 'White Waves, Soft Haze' here on Earth in 1968. Then she took a copy to infect the archive on Concordum…

NYSSA:
How?

DOCTOR:
Travelling at the speed of sound, obviously. But the point is: her entropy composition exists simultaneously at two distinct points in time and space.

NYSSA:
I suggested that to you?

DOCTOR:
Like I say, magnificent!

(FX: VWORPING AWAY. FADE)

SCENE 12: INT. CONCORDUM (VAULTED HALL)

(FX: THE ENTROPY COMPOSITION ECHOES ROUND THE CATHEDRAL-LIKE HALL. DOORS EXPLODING OUTWARDS IN SUCCESSION, MORE OF THE COMPOSITION BEHIND. THE VOICE OF ERISI — THE ENTROPY SIREN — LAUGHS.)

ERISI:
(ECHOING ALL AROUND) Do you hear that, Archivist? The song of the Erisi will bring chaos out of order! Restoring the universe, how it was!

NALOOM:
Stop! Stop!!! You're destroying everything! (FX: DOOR EXPLODES) Not Bach! Johann Sebastian Bach — born Earth 1685, died 1750 — (FX: ANOTHER DOOR) Traxis! Veloog of Traxis, born third cycle, reincarnated during the eleventh — (FX: ANOTHER DOOR EXPLODES) … the eleventh succession. Asalin… born Karfel, date unknown, died during the android [uprising of…]

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES SLIGHTLY OFF. DOORS OPEN.)

DOCTOR:
(SHOUTS) Archivist! Naloom! Where are you? Wave so I can see you!

NALOOM:
(SHOUTS) Here, behind the console! The Composition is breaking free! My *ears!!!* The whole level's engulfed!

DOCTOR:
(APPROACHING FROM) Don't move! I'll be right with you!

(FX: THE DOCTOR'S FOOTSTEPS ECHO AS HE RUNS.)

DOCTOR:
(BREATHLESS) Here, put this in your ears.

NALOOM:
What is it?

DOCTOR:
Don't ask. Follow me! Run!

(FX: THEY RUN, INTO:)

SCENE 13: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND NALOOM RUSHING IN AT OLYMPIC SPEED.)

DOCTOR:
Quickly, inside! Nyssa, the doors!

(FX: TARDIS DOORS CLOSE — DEADENING THE DISCORDANT HOWL OUTSIDE. DOCTOR AND NALOOM BREATHE HARD, GASPING FROM THEIR EXERTIONS.)

NYSSA:
Naloom? Are you alright?

NALOOM:
Pardon?

NYSSA:
I said, are you-?

DOCTOR:
Cheese.

(FX: LEVERS AND SWITCHES, AS HE MANIPULATES CONTROLS.)

NALOOM:
Ah. Cheese. (REMOVING CHEESE FROM EARS) Doctor. The girl, she reappeared. Now that unholy sound is spreading exponentially, consuming Concordum. The entire Subcontinent of Romantic Laments has gone already…

NYSSA:
Don’t worry. The Doctor has a plan.

NALOOM:
Which is-?

(FX: A FINAL DECISIVE CONSOLE BEEP.)

DOCTOR:
That’s it! Chronospatial antenna aligned to Earth, 1968. Scanning for signal, we should be getting reception any time…

(FX: TIME ROTOR GROWLS — GRADUALLY CHANGING TONE UNTIL IT SOUNDS LIKE…)

DOCTOR:
Now!

(FX: …THE ENTROPY COMPOSITION!)

NALOOM:
(SHOUTS) No! That's that sound! That Composition!

DOCTOR:
(SHOUTS) Receiving it loud and clear! Now — set amplification to maximum, Nyssa!

NYSSA:
(SHOUTS) Amplification at maximum!

NALOOM:
(SHOUTS) You're broadcasting it-?!?

NYSSA:
(SHOUTS) To the whole of Concordum!

SCENE 14: INT. CONCORDUM (VAULTED HALL)

(FX: AS BEFORE)

ERISI:
(LAUGHING) We sing! We dance! Let chaos and disorder reign-!

(FX: AND THEN, OVER TANNOY:)

DOCTOR:
(FX: DISTORTS, POPS) … Testing, testing. Can you hear me, Erisi?

ERISI:
Doctor!!!

DOCTOR:
I'm broadcasting to you over the Concordum P.A. I'm giving you one last chance. Stop. Destroy the recording. Return to the void, where you came from!

ERISI:
I will not!!!

DOCTOR:
Then I'm very sorry. Nyssa – tune in! Turn on!

(FX: AND SUDDENLY THE COMPOSITION IS BLARING THROUGH THE CONCORDUM P.A. SIMULTANEOUSLY. VAST FEEDBACK HOWL.)

ERISI:
No! What are you doing-?!? Noooooooooooooo-!!!

(FX: ALL NOISE WHITES OUT TO SILENCE)

SCENE 15: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: COMPOSITION OFF – JUST REGULAR ATMOS)

NALOOM:
(SHOUTS) What have you done? You've boosted that hellspawned howl!

DOCTOR:
Calm down there, no need to – ah!!! (FX: NALOOM GRABS THE DOCTOR, WHO YELPS. THEY STRUGGLE.) Nyssa! Help! Get him off me!

NYSSA:
(SHOUTS) If you'd only take the time to explain to people what it is you're doing, this sort of thing wouldn't happen!

DOCTOR:
Doors, please, Nyssa!

(FX: TARDIS DOORS OPEN. SILENCE OUTSIDE)

DOCTOR:
Listen, Naloom. Do you hear that?

NALOOM:
(LETTING GO OF DOCTOR) The sound. It's gone!

SCENE 16: INT. CONCORDUM (ANOTHER VAULTED HALL)

(FX: FADE UP. THREE SETS OF FOOTSTEPS.)

DOCTOR:
(WALKING) The music was growing through constructive interference. Note after note, building and amplifying. A feedback loop.

NYSSA:
(WALKING) Rather ironic. The song of the Entropy Siren sustained by the perfectly synchronised structure at its heart.

DOCTOR:
(WALKING) But by broadcasting a second copy of the composition just a fraction out of synch, constructive interference became destructive interference.

NYSSA:
(WALKING) Two waves of sound, one here and one from 1968. Cancelling one other out. (FX: ALL STOP) Concordum and Earth — both safe.

NALOOM:
But so much was lost. Such priceless, irreplaceable works…

DOCTOR:
Oh, nothing's irreplaceable… it's all still out there, somewhere. (TO NYSSA) Nyssa. Did I ever take you to see Benny Goodman at the Palomar Ballroom?

NYSSA:
Benny Goodman?

NALOOM:
The King Of Swing, born 1909, died 1986. The son of a Warsaw [tailor, he —]

DOCTOR:
Yes, well — none of that actually matters, does it? What matters is hearing the music.

(NALOOM TAKES A BREATH. HE'S NEVER LOOKED AT THINGS THAT WAY.)

NALOOM:
If — if you'll excuse me, I have work to do. So much silence to fill. Goodbye, Doctor, Nyssa.

(FX: HE EXITS THROUGH A SWOOSHING DOOR, LEAVING THEM ALONE.)

DOCTOR:
We could stay a while longer, Nyssa. If you want.

NYSSA:
The sonata my father loved was infected. It's gone.

DOCTOR:
There's plenty more Traken chamber music in the archives…

NYSSA:
You were going to say, 'unfortunately'.

DOCTOR:
No I wasn't.

NYSSA:
Yes you were. Anyway, I've had enough of music for a while. Let's watch the Terileptus Event Horizon fold instead.

DOCTOR:
Come on.

(FX: THEY START WALKING.)

NYSSA:
(WALKING) The Entropy Siren. What happened to her, do you think?

DOCTOR:
(WALKING) Erisi. Yes. I'm afraid the silence almost certainly killed her. Like pulling the air from her [lungs. —]

(FX: A PEAL OF ETHEREAL MIRTH — THE LAUGHTER OF THE ERISI! THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA FREEZE.)

NYSSA:
(NERVOUS) Doctor…

DOCTOR:
Ah.

THE END

-

3: DOING TIME

A ONE-PART ADVENTURE BY **WILLIAM GALLAGHER**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON
Time traveller.

NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON
Time traveller's companion.

JANSON HART:
Male prisoner, 20s, guilty, unashamed.

GOVERNOR CHAPLIN:
Female prison governor, 40s, power-is-all type.

DASK:
Male prison officer, 20s, nice guy.

ALSO: JUDGE; JABRETH (SQUEALING MONSTER)**; HOBBLING PETE** (PRISONER)**; STALLHOLDERS; PRISONERS.**

DIRECTOR: KEN BENTLEY
SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES
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PRE-TITLES:

SCENE 1: INT. PRISON CORRIDOR

(FX: CLANGING DOORS - *PORRIDGE*-LIKE. JANSON DRAGGED THROUGH CORRIDORS BY GUARDS. OVER THIS:)

JUDGE:
(V/O) Janson Fletcher Hart, you have been found guilty of the charges brought by this court, and it is now my duty to pass sentence. You are an habitual troublemaker, who has shown little respect or regard for Colony officers. We therefore commit you to the maximum term allowed for these offences: you will go to Folly prison for five years.

(FX: CLANG. ELECTRONIC FIZZ.)

JANSON:
(DRAGGED TO STOP) Come on, fellas, just let me go. Promise I won't say a word.

DASK:
No talking.

(FX: KEYS IN LOCK OF CELL DOOR. TURNING KEYS.)

JANSON:
Okay. So who're you putting me in with?

(FX: CELL DOOR OPENS. MONSTROUS JABRETH ROARS FROM WITHIN.)

JANSON:
C'mon. Have a heart.

(BEAT)

DASK:
Next cell.

(FX: CLANG SHUT. STEPS TO NEXT CELL. CLANG OPEN.)

DASK:
(SHOVING JANSON) Inside. —

SCENE 2: **INT. CELL (CONTINUOUS)**

JANSON:
(SHOVED IN, TURNS) Well, what about a bribe?

(FX: CLANG. KEY IN LOCK FROM OUTSIDE.)

JANSON:
(CALLING OUT) Hey! ***Hey!*** When's visiting?

DOCTOR:
(FROM BUNK, SLIGHTLY OFF) August, I think you'll find.

(BEAT)

JANSON:
Hi, I'm Janson Hart.

DOCTOR:
Hello. I'm the Doctor.

JANSON:
Whoa, stop right there. If you're going to say Doctor John Smith, I'm going to be starstruck. Biggest crook on Folly!

DOCTOR:
Yes, I've gathered that someone of that name has a certain reputation here. The thing is, I'm innocent.

JANSON
Course you are. You, me and every other con in the prison. Mind if I take the top bunk?

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME.)

SCENE 3: **INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM**

GOVERNOR:
Folly Parole Board Hearing for prisoner Janson Hart. Mr Hart, you've been here a week – why should we parole you?

JANSON:
I left the gas on at home. Listen, Governor Chaplin, I'd like to take this opportunity to say I'm sorry, I was only kidding when I said what I said about your warts – which, y'know, you don't have, [obviously. –]

(FX: GAVEL-LIKE DOUBLE-RAP.)

GOVERNOR:
Parole refused. Ten days' solitary. Take him away.

JANSON:
(TAKEN AWAY) Sheesh-!

GOVERNOR:
Next – (FX: LEAFING THROUGH PAPERS.) Ah, yes. Prisoner Jabreth.

JABRETH:
(GURGLING SQUEAL.)

GOVERNOR:
Whatever. Parole refused.

(FX: GAVEL-LIKE DOUBLE-RAP.)

JABRETH:
(WHICKERS AS IT'S BEING TAKEN AWAY.)

GOVERNOR:
Next – (FX: PAPERS.) (DISTASTE) Oh. Doctor John Smith.

DOCTOR:
Again, really, just the Doctor.

GOVERNOR:
(FX: WRITING ON PAPERS.) … Un-co-operative. (TO DOCTOR) Doctor Smith, do you still maintain that Folly prison is going to explode?

DOCTOR:
Yes, I'm afraid so – shortly after noon of the tenth of May next year. You really must get everyone out before then.

GOVERNOR:
Alternatively, you could stop making these threats to blow the prison up. Which, I might remind you, are what got you two years' detention in the first place.

DOCTOR:
I am not making threats! I've explained, time and again. I picked up a trace of the explosion in my [TARDIS, and —]

GOVERNOR:
Well, it must have a really long fuse. (FX: A GAVEL-LIKE DOUBLE-RAP.) Parole refused! Twenty days' solitary!

DOCTOR:
(HUSTLED AWAY, PROTESTING.) Please — talk to my friend Nyssa, she knows all about it. I must admit, I'm terribly worried about her…

SCENE 4: EXT. FOLLY MARKET

(FX: NYSSA RUNNING THROUGH BUSY MARKET.)

STALLHOLDERS:
Stop, thief!
She's getting away! Stop her!
Police! Someone call the police!

NYSSA:
(RUNNING) Out of my way, please! I'm a desperate criminal! Out of my — Aaaah!

(FX: SHE CRASHES INTO A PILE OF CRATES. ALIEN CHICKENS FLAP FREE, SQUAWKING.)

NYSSA:
Ah. Ow. Owww!

STALLHOLDERS:
She's down!
Hold her!
Arrest her!

DASK:
(PUSHING THROUGH STALLHOLDERS) Let me through. I said, let me through!

NYSSA:
At last, a policeman. You took your time.

DASK:
(TO STALLHOLDERS) Alright, everyone, show's over, get back to your stalls! (TO NYSSA) Now, Miss — what's all this ruckus?

NYSSA:
I'm a thief. Will you put me in handcuffs, please?

DASK:
I'm not a policeman. I'm a prison officer. Guard Dask.

NYSSA:
Even better, you can take me straight to jail.

DASK:
That's not how it works, Miss.

NYSSA:
You must arrest me. I stole a bracelet, from the jeweller's stall.

DASK:
What bracelet?

NYSSA:
This brace— [let]. (STARTLED — IT ISN'T THERE.) Oh! I had it in my hand just now. It must have gone flying when I did.

DASK:
No bracelet, no crime. Here, let me help you up, Miss…?

NYSSA:
(GETTING UP) Nyssa. My name's Nyssa. You wouldn't make much of a Foster.

DASK:
Oh, I'm sorry. You're an orphan.

NYSSA:
No! Well, yes. I mean, the Fosters were the police on my world. Please, help me look for that bracelet!

DASK:
Excuse me, Miss — but that jeweller's packing up his stall. Daresay most of his wares were stolen in the first place.

NYSSA:
Don't say you're going to arrest *him-?!?*

DASK:
It's my duty. (EXITING, CALLING AFTER) Look after yourself, Miss. You don't look like the sort to end up in jail…

NYSSA:
(SIGHS) Seemingly not.

SCENE 5: INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

(FX: FADE UP. PRISONER IN THE CELL TO THE RIGHT SINGS RAGGEDLY, AS THE DOCTOR MAKES CHALK MARKS ON WALL.)

HOBBLING PETE:
(FX: THROUGH WALL) Oh, when the saints go marching in/Oh, when the saints go marching in/Lord, how I want to be in that number/When the saints go marching in!

DOCTOR:
(TO HIMSELF) Eighteen days. Or is it [twenty?]

(FX: CLANGS ON PIPEWORK IN CELL TO THE LEFT.)

JANSON:
(FX: THROUGH WALL) Doctor! Hey, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
(SIGHS) Janson. (ALOUD) What is it?

JANSON:
(FX: THROUGH WALL) Can't sleep. You?

DOCTOR:
Forgive me, Janson. It's just, I'm trying rather hard to concentrate.

JANSON:
(FX: THROUGH WALL) What on?

DOCTOR:
A terribly tricky temporal conundrum. I picked up a future echo of an explosion at the prison in my TARDIS, a whole year before it's going to happen. —

HOBBLING PETE:
(FX: THROUGH WALL) Oh, when the saints go marching in/[Oh, when the saints go marching in/Lord, how I want to be in that number/When the saints go marching in!]

DOCTOR:
(LOUDER, IRRITATED) Now, obviously I can account for an eighteen- or twenty-day time contusion through natural solar system distortion, but [still —]

JANSON:
(FX: THROUGH WALL) Yeah, and I thought Hobbling Pete next door was going off his head.

DOCTOR:
'Hobbling Pete'-?

JANSON:
(FX: THROUGH WALL) Not everyone can handle it in Solitary. You and me — we're used to being on our own. But Pete? Pete's cracking. Thing is, he was a traveller, used to meeting people all over. It's cruel, doing this to him.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:
Well, steady at bat, that's the ticket. Listen, Janson, I have a friend outside, Nyssa, [and —]

JANSON:
(FX: THROUGH WALL) That's good. Only a couple more months 'til August, the thought of seeing him'll give you something to look forward to.

DOCTOR:
'Him'?!? … (SIGHS) Yes. Yes, I suppose it will.

HOBBLING PETE:
(FX: THROUGH WALL) Oh, when the saints [go marching in/Oh, when the saints go marching in/Lord, how I want to be in that number/When the saints go marching in!]

JANSON:
(FX: THROUGH WALL) Will you pack it in, Pete!

(FX: FADE.)

SCENE 6: EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

(FX: BLARING BURGLAR ALARM)

DASK:
(RUNNING TOWARDS ALARM, INTO COMMS) Dask here. Intruder sighted. Repeat, intruder sighted! (RUNS TO HALT, CALLING OUT) Stop right there! Hands where I can see 'em – (BREAKS OFF) You again?!?

NYSSA:
Dask! I thought you guarded the prison?

DASK:
I'm underpaid, I do security work on my nights off. (FX: ALARM OFF) What are you doing here, Miss?

NYSSA:
As you can see, I'm breaking into this warehouse. You've caught me, so you must call the police to take me to prison.

DASK:
Sorry, Miss. (FX: BLIPS ON KEYPAD OF WAREHOUSE DOOR.) Of all the hundred and thirty-two warehouses in this industrial estate, (FX: SHUTTERED DOOR BEGINS TO RISE) … you picked the one that's empty.

NYSSA:
What?!?

DASK:
Take a look. (BEAT) Nyssa. Is this a cry for help?

SCENE 7: **INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM**

(FX: FADE UP. VISITORS LED IN TO MEET PRISONERS.)

DASK:
(ALOUD) Alright, in you go. Visitors will not touch the prisoners. No items may be passed either way. No whispering.

NYSSA:
(RUSHING FORWARD) Doctor!!!

DOCTOR:
Nyssa! At last! It's so good to see you.

JANSON:
(AT NEXT TABLE) *This* is Nyssa? I thought —

NYSSA:
(SITTING OPPOSITE DOCTOR) Thought what?

DOCTOR:
Nyssa, Janson Hart; Janson Hart, Nyssa. Janson, could you give us a moment?

JANSON:
Yeah, I get you. Nice to meet you, Nyssa.

NYSSA:
And you.

(FX: JABRETH SQUEALS, JUST OFF: DISAPPOINTED HE'S GOT NO VISITORS.)

DASK:
No squealing, Jabreth.

DOCTOR:
Excuse me? Guard Dask? He's saying he's got no visitors. He's very young. His parents live three whole systems away, it'll take them a year to get here.

DASK:
Then he shouldn't have been expecting them, should he? (TO JABRETH) Come on, Jabreth — back to the cell block.

(FX: JABRETH SCREECHES.)

JANSON:
Hey, Dask — no-one's come for me, either. I'll be his visitor.

DASK:
I shouldn't, really —

NYSSA:
Please, Nathan.

DASK:
Oh, alright. Just this once.

NYSSA:
Thank you.

DOCTOR:
Nathan?!?

NYSSA:
Oh, yes. I met Mr Dask on the (STIFLES YAWN) outside. Sorry. I'm on nights.

DOCTOR:
You're *working?*

NYSSA:
Yes. Mr Dask – Nathan – he's been ever so good. He helped me get a temporary job at the university hospital. Lab assistant.

DOCTOR:
Well, so long as you're keeping busy.

NYSSA:
I'm really rather enjoying it. Learning a lot, too. Michael is teaching me all about telebiogenesis.

DOCTOR:
Michael?

NYSSA:
Sorry – one of the junior doctors. Do you like my hair down, like this?

DOCTOR:
Down like what?

NYSSA:
Never mind. So, what have you been up to?

DOCTOR:
Oh, you know. I've organised the prison library according to the Dewey system. I've been in the kitchens, improving the nutritional value of the prison food. I've set up night classes in small spaceship maintenance. Eighteen prisoners have qualified for parole since I took up counselling, quite pleased with that. I've started a Twenty-Twenty cricket tournament. Oh, and I've written the F Wing Christmas panto.

NYSSA:
Well, that all sounds wonderful!

DOCTOR:
Except — (MISERABLE) — I did all that the first morning.

DASK:
(CALLING OUT) Alright, everyone. Just been told — visiting hour's up, next one in December.

(FX: PROTESTS FROM PRISONERS.)

JANSON:
We've not had an hour, nothing like it!

DASK:
Sorry, something to do with a TV crew. Governor Chaplin says you can walk your visitors through the yard, back to the forcefield.

DOCTOR:
Excuse me, what's a TV crew doing here?

DASK:
I dunno. You'll find out on TV.

NYSSA:
Come on, Doctor. We can talk some more on the way.

SCENE 8: EXT. PRISON YARD

(FX: HUM OF PERIMETER FORCEFIELD IN B/G.)

GOVERNOR:
(TO CAMERA) Are we running? Good. I'm Noreen Chaplin, and I've been the Governor here at Folly prison for five years now. The inmates will tell you – I've been fair, but firm with it. The reason I'm standing as a candidate in next year's presidential election is – well, I believe a firm hand is what our Colony needs right now.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 9: EXT. OTHER SIDE OF PRISON YARD (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: PRISONERS AND VISITORS ESCORTED ACROSS YARD.)

DASK:
Nice and quiet. Single file, straight to the forcefield.

DOCTOR:
There's Governor Chaplin. Why's she being interviewed?

NYSSA:
Haven't you heard? She's standing for President.

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

SCENE 10: EXT. PRISON YARD (CONTINUOUS)

GOVERNOR:
(TO CAMERA) I've invited the cameras into my prison today because I want everyone on Folly to know I practice what I preach. I want to build a border around our Colony as unbreakable as the forcefield around the perimeter of my prison. — Ah, one moment, I think it's about to be switched off. Supply trucks coming through.

(FX: B/G HUM OFF. CROSS BACK TO:)

SCENE 11: EXT. OTHER SIDE OF PRISON YARD (CONTINUOUS)

DASK:
(TO PRISONERS) Hold up, everyone. Stop!

JANSON:
Why?

DASK:
Supply convoy's early. Forcefield's down.

(FX: RIPPLE OF EXCITEMENT AMONG PRISONERS.)

JANSON:
The forcefield's what?!?

DASK:
Come on, guys. Don't even think about [it—]

JANSON:
(ALOUD, TO PRISONERS) You heard the man! What're we gonna do about it?

NYSSA:
No! Please! You mustn't! —

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

SCENE 12: EXT. PRISON YARD (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: OFF, PRISONERS CHEERING AS THEY SURGE ACROSS THE YARD, RUSHING TOWARDS THE FORCEFIELD.)

GOVERNOR:
(TO CAMERA) … Yes, that is unfortunate. It seems several of the inmates have chosen this moment to try to escape. But now that the supply convoy is safely through, it really isn't a problem. (FX: BLEEP, INTO COMMS) Field gate? Power back on. *Now*, please.

(FX: FORCEFIELD HUMS BACK INTO LIFE. SCREAMS OF SEVERAL PRISONERS OFF, CAUGHT IN THE FORCEFIELD.)

GOVERNOR:
… See?

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 13: EXT. PRISON YARD, BESIDE FORCEFIELD (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: FORCEFIELD HUM. FEW AGONISED MOANS FROM PRISONERS.)

DOCTOR:
(RUSHING FORWARD) Idiots, they didn't stand a chance!

NYSSA:
Nathan, help us with the injured. Nathan!!!

DASK:
I… yes. Yes, of course.

(FX: GROANS FROM WOUNDED PRISONER.)

NYSSA:
The electrical surge has amputated this man's foot. We need a cauterising kit.

DASK:
I'll get the medics. (RUSHES OFF.)

DOCTOR:
Janson. Where's Janson?

JANSON:
(DISTORTED, THROUGH HUM OF FORCEFIELD.) It's alright, Doctor! I'm on the other side! …

(FX: CROSS TO OTHER SIDE OF THE FORCEFIELD:)

JANSON:
We made it! Me and Hobbling Pete, we made it!

DOCTOR:
(DISTORTED, THROUGH HUM OF FORCEFIELD.) Janson! Please! Stop!

JANSON:
Catch you later, Doctor. C'mon, Pete – hobble! Hobble for your life!

JANSON/HOBBLING PETE:
Oh, when the saints go marching in/Oh, when the saints go marching in/Lord, how I want to be in that number/When the saints go marching in!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

SCENE 14: EXT. PRISON YARD (CONTINUOUS)

GOVERNOR:
(TO CAMERA) … Two prisoners made it through, you think? No. No, no, no. You see, beyond the electrical barrier, there's a second forcefield.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 15: EXT. INSIDE TIME FIELD (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: INSIDE THE SECOND FORCEFIELD, TIME'S BEEN SLOWED DOWN. JANSON AND PETE'S SINGING IS TREACLY.)

JANSON/HOBBLING PETE:
(LESS THAN HALF NORMAL SPEED) Oh, when the saints go marching in/Oh, when the saints go marching in/Lord, how I want to be in that number/When the saints go marching in!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 16: EXT. PRISON YARD (CONTINUOUS)

GOVERNOR:
(TO CAMERA) It's new technology. Personal time is literally slowed down inside the forcefield. One minute's walk takes a week's life off you. (FX: BLEEP, INTO COMMS) Field gate, we have a breach. Two prisoners in the time field. Go and collect them. No hurry. (BACK TO CAMERA) Obviously, the prisoners will suffer some ill-effects. Exhaustion. Dehydration. Starvation. But that's a small price to pay for security. And when I'm your President, —

DOCTOR:
(MARCHING UP FROM OFF, FURIOUS) Governor Chaplin! Would you care to tell the people at home how it was you purposefully choreographed that disgraceful display?

GOVERNOR:
Guards — take Dr Smith to Solitary.

(FX: BOOTED GUARDS RUSH TOWARDS DOCTOR…)

DOCTOR:
You might also want to warn them about the explosion! The explosion that's going to devastate this — oof! (BREAKS OFF, CLOBBERED BY GUARDS. DRAGGED AWAY THROUGH:)

GOVERNOR:
As I was saying: When I'm your President, the colony borders will be protected by the same defences. Simple, effective, strong.

SCENE 17: INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

(FX: FADE UP. JANGLE OF KEYS FROM OUTSIDE CELL. DOOR UNLOCKED)

DASK:
(ENTERING) Prisoner Smith will stand!

DOCTOR:
(STANDING) Dask. If this is another cell inspection, I can assure you there's absolutely no [need —]

GOVERNOR:
(ENTERING) Good afternoon, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Ah, Governor Chaplin. I confess I've lost track of time, rather, which is a new and not very pleasant experience. But isn't my parole hearing long overdue?

GOVERNOR:
This is your parole hearing, Doctor. Dask — wait outside.

DASK:
Ma'am. (FX: EXITS, CLOSING DOOR)

DOCTOR:
Now. About this time field of yours. —

GOVERNOR:
Yes, the time field. You'll be pleased to hear that I've made a few alterations.

DOCTOR:
(SURPRISED) Good. Good!

GOVERNOR:
It no longer takes a week of your life to cross it. It takes a year.

DOCTOR:
A year-?!? Stretching a time field that thin — you know, that's terribly dangerous.

GOVERNOR:
Is it. (BEAT) I take it you still claim there's going to be some sort of explosion here?

DOCTOR:
You've got six months. Start planning an evacuation, please.

GOVERNOR:
Election's in six months. I'll be busy.

DOCTOR:
Once again, you're not listening – (BREAKS OFF) "Doctor". You called me "Doctor". Just "Doctor".

GOVERNOR:
Well, you're not the infamous 'Dr John Smith', are you?

DOCTOR:
At last!

GOVERNOR:
Dr John Smith doesn't exist. It's a catch-all name for every unidentified criminal offender on Folly. So when you turned up here, claiming to be that very man –

DOCTOR:
I didn't stand a chance. Yes, I see that now.

GOVERNOR:
I'm here to offer you a deal, Doctor. I can have you released tomorrow.

DOCTOR:
Good. What's the catch?

(BEAT)

GOVERNOR:
I don't know why, but – people listen to you, Doctor. The guards, the prisoners, the kitchen staff – they like you. I can't seem to make them like me.

DOCTOR:
I can't imagine why.

GOVERNOR:
It's the same with my campaign. People want me to clean up this Colony, I know they do. It's just they start getting squeamish when I tell them how it needs to be done. But you, Doctor – you've got the common touch. You know what is that people need to hear. You know how to win their confidence.

DOCTOR:
Are you offering me a job?

GOVERNOR:
In a purely unofficial capacity, of course.

DOCTOR:
(THINKS) In which case — might I be placed in charge of evacuating the prison, shortly before noon on the morning of May the tenth?

GOVERNOR:
Not this again. You don't see it, do you, Doctor? I believe you.

DOCTOR:
You do?

GOVERNOR:
So I've decided this "explosion" of yours can be my big election day stunt.

DOCTOR:
Whaat?!?

GOVERNOR:
Disaster at the prison. Terrible casualties. And me in the middle of it all, bravely battling on. Restoring discipline, punishing the guilty.

DOCTOR:
But — this is madness!

GOVERNOR:
On the contrary. It's a clincher. (FX: BANGING ON DOOR) Guard! Guard!!! (FX: AS DASK UNLOCKS DOOR FROM OUTSIDE…) Right now, I only make the rules in the prison, but soon I'll make them for the whole planet. The whole system.

DOCTOR:
Should I applaud now?

GOVERNOR:
Parole refused. Six months' solitary. (EXITING CELL) Lock him up, Dask. (FX: WALKS OFF.)

DOCTOR:
You heard her, Dask.

DASK:
Doctor, I — (STEPPING IN, CONFIDENTIALLY) … I've a message from Janson. He's just back from the university hospital. Wants me to warn you that someone called Michael is "foxy"?

DOCTOR:
"Foxy"?

DASK:
Says you want to be careful, Doctor. They never wait.

DOCTOR:
(SIGHS) Close the door behind you, Dask.

(FX: LOCKS, BOLTS)

SCENE 18: INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM

(FX: FADE UP. VISITORS LED IN TO MEET PRISONERS.)

DASK:
(ALOUD) Alright, you know the drill. Visitors will not touch the prisoners. No items may be passed either way. No whispering.

JABRETH:
(SQUEALS OFF)

DASK:
No squealing either, Jabreth!

NYSSA:
(TO DASK) He's bored, poor thing. He knows he shouldn't have played truant, but it was quadruple maths, he didn't think anyone would notice.

DASK:
What?

JANSON:
(OFF, HISSED) Nyssa! Over here!

NYSSA:
(FX: WALKING UP, SCRAPE OF CHAIR) Janson, where's the Doctor?

JANSON:
Aren't you pleased to see me?

NYSSA:
Yes, yes of course. It's just that – I need to see him.

JANSON:
Yeah, well – he's still in solitary. Four months now, it's a record. We're running a book on how long the Governor'll keep him in there.

NYSSA:
Is he alright?

JANSON:
I guess. He's singing a lot. Most days you can hear him from the exercise yard. We've been playing cricket, like he taught us – you know, to keep his spirits up. Keep on telling Jabreth, swallowing the ball and regurgitating it doesn't count as a catch.

NYSSA:
Oh, yes. Cricket. Do you have – (TRYING TO REMEMBER THE WORD) … "bails"?

JANSON:
(ANNOYED) If I had bail, do you think I'd still be in here? (CHANGING SUBJECT) Sorry. Let's talk about you instead.

NYSSA:
I'd rather not.

JANSON:
Michael, right? Is all not well in paradise?

NYSSA:
The wedding was very elaborate.

JANSON:
Oh!

NYSSA:
Yes, they seem very happy together.

JANSON:
Ah.

NYSSA:
Still, I finish at the hospital in a few weeks' time.

JANSON:
Listen, Nyssa – I won't be in here forever. And when I get out… I could use a partner who's smart.

NYSSA:
'Partner'?!?

JANSON:
What do you say? Your brains, my beauty – we could be the next Bonnie & Clyde!

SCENE 19: EXT. PRISON YARD

(FX: FADE UP. CROWD OF PRISONERS APPLAUDING.)

JANSON:
Doctor! You're — whoa, I've got you, I've got you.

DOCTOR:
Thanks, Janson. Just a little shaky on my legs. What's all this?

JANSON:
You're a hero, Doctor. Longest single term in Folly's solitary ever recorded. Even the guards have come out into the yard.

(FX: CROWD YELLING "SPEECH".)

JANSON:
(ALOUD) Everybody! The Doctor's not used to the daylight or you lot shouting, so let's just calm it down, now.

DOCTOR:
What day is it? Janson?

JANSON:
Err, Monday. Spare the lags a few words, yeah? There'll be a riot if you [don't —]

DOCTOR:
Yes, yes, later. The date, Janson!

JANSON:
Well - tenth of May, Doctor. Election day!

DOCTOR:
Oh no!

SCENE 20: INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

NYSSA:
Please, Governor Chaplin. I still don't understand exactly why it is I've been arrested.

(FX: LEAFING THROUGH PAPERWORK)

GOVERNOR:
I have the details here… (FX: STOPS) Ah, yes. Nyssa Traken. Remanded without bail, on charges of criminal conspiracy.

NYSSA:
What conspiracy?!?

GOVERNOR:
Allow me to explain. It's prison policy to record all visits, just to ensure nothing untoward is going on.

NYSSA:
But I've done nothing untoward!

GOVERNOR:
The fifteenth of March recording says otherwise. (ALOUD) Computer: play.

(FX: PLAY IN, FROM SCENE 18:)

JANSON:
(DISTORTED) *[Listen,] Nyssa — I won't be in here forever. And when I get out… I could use a partner who's smart.*

NYSSA:
(D) *'Partner'?!?*

JANSON:
(D) *What do you say? Your brains, my beauty — we could be the next Bonnie & Clyde!*

GOVERNOR:
Computer — stop. Compelling evidence, don't you think?

NYSSA:
I don't know this Bonnie and Clyde!

GOVERNOR:
(ALOUD) Guard!

DASK:
(ENTERING) Ma'am — (BEAT) Nyssa. You finally did it.

NYSSA:
So it seems. At least I get to see the Doctor.

GOVERNOR:
Not if I send you to H Block. Dask, we're taking this prisoner down.

SCENE 21: EXT. PRISON YARD

(FX: RESTLESS PRISONERS)

JANSON:
Come on, Doctor, say something!

DOCTOR:
I have to get out of here.

JANSON:
Tell me something I don't know!

DOCTOR:
But first – Janson. We need to get everyone as close to the prison perimeter as possible, just in case.

JANSON:
In case of what-?

DOCTOR:
(ALOUD, TO ALL) Hello. It's nice to be back in the yard. I'm seeing – what is it, one thousand seven hundred and nine prisoners? And seventeen guards?

JANSON:
You counted-?

DOCTOR:
(ALOUD) Yes, I think that's right. Everyone, we're going to play cricket. Eight hundred and sixty-eight-a-side cricket. Everyone to my left, you're Australia. Everyone to my right, you're England. (CLAPS HANDS) Come on – form up!

GOVERNOR:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Enjoying yourself, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Governor Chaplin. I'm going to ask you one last time – evacuate the prison, [before –] (BREAKS OFF) Nyssa?!?

NYSSA:
Hello, Doctor. I thought I couldn't get arrested around here, but it seems I was wrong.

GOVERNOR:
Well – enjoy your association time, you two. I'm afraid I'm due at my count.

DOCTOR:
Please. We have to talk!

GOVERNOR:
Oh, Doctor, you should know by now — I'm not about speeches, I'm about action. Dask — escort me to the field gate.

DASK:
Ma'am.

(FX: THEY WALK.)

NYSSA:
It's almost noon, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
I know. I wish I knew exactly what it is she's planning. A bomb of some kind, perhaps-?

(FX: FADE IN SHRIEKING STARSHIP ENGINES, HIGH IN THE SKY.)

NYSSA:
You don't think it's possible you're mistaken? About the explosion?

JABRETH:
(BEGINS SQUEALING EXCITEDLY, POINTING AT THE SKY. HE'S ACTUALLY SAYING, "LOOK, MY MUM'S COMING!")

DOCTOR:
I saw the temporal trace, it was perfectly clear.

NYSSA:
What's that noise?

JANSON:
It's only Jabreth.

NYSSA:
No, not that. Up in the sky. Engines!

JANSON:
Yeah, Jabreth's done his time. His folks are coming to collect him.

DOCTOR:
But — that's it!

NYSSA:
You mean — the Jabreths are going to attack the prison?

DOCTOR:
I daresay that's what Governor Chaplin is hoping everyone will think! Jabreth starship engines use elliptical warp drive technology.

NYSSA:
I don't understand.

DOCTOR:
Perfectly safe, under normal circumstances. But in a time field, the warp engines will go into spasm, and… well, boom.

NYSSA:
And Chaplin knows this?

DOCTOR:
Don't you see, Nyssa? I gave her all the information she needed. She'd have observed months ago that the explosion I detected coincided exactly with the scheduled time of arrival of Jabreth's parents. All she had to do was put two and two together. I even told her how long to stretch out the time field for!

JABRETH:
(HOWLS)

DOCTOR:
It's alright, Jabreth. I've got a plan.

JANSON:
You're going to break out of jail?

NYSSA:
In approximately three and a half minutes?

DOCTOR:
On the contrary. I've got a year. (STARTS RUNNING) After me, everyone!

NYSSA:
You heard him, Janson, Jabreth. (RUNNING) Come on!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 22: EXT. BESIDE MAIN GATE (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: FORCEFIELD HUM IN B/G)

GOVERNOR:
(INTO COMMS) Field gate? Lower the forcefields, I'm coming through.

(FX: JABRETH SHIP SHRIEK IN B/G)

DASK:
That ship, Governor… It's flying very low.

GOVERNOR:
Is it. (INTO COMMS) Field gate? What's taking you?

(FX: HUM DISSIPATES)

DASK:
Forcefields down, Ma'am.

GOVERNOR:
Escort me, Dask.

(FX: THEY WALK ON. BEAT. DOCTOR, NYSSA, JANSON & JABRETH COME RUNNING UP)

DOCTOR:
(TO HALT) There she goes. Nyssa – wish me luck. I have to get into the time field before the electrified barrier powers up again.

NYSSA:
Doctor, you can't cross the time field.

JANSON:
It'll take a year of your life.

DOCTOR:
Blink of an eye. To a Time Lord.

NYSSA:
It won't work. You'll need a year's supply of food and water. And that's something we don't have right now!

DOCTOR:
No. Well, I'll just have to risk it. –

JANSON:
Hold on, hold on. Jabreth?

JABRETH:
(WHINES, A BIT PETULANTLY)

JANSON:
Yeah, I know. But if there was ever a time to cough up, it's now.

JABRETH:
(STRAINS… GURGLES…)

NYSSA:
What's he doing?

JANSON:
Regurgitating.

DOCTOR:
What?

JABRETH:
(FX: … REGURGITATES A BELLYFUL OF CONTRABAND ITEMS, CLATTERING ONTO THE FLOOR. CANS OF POP. CHOCOLATE BARS. MAGAZINES)

DOCTOR:
Good heavens.

JANSON:
There you go, Doctor. Fill your pockets. (PICKING UP ITEMS) We got cans of fizzy pop. We got chocolate bars. Don't suppose you'll need the magazines…

NYSSA:
Yes, but what was all that doing in Jabreth's stomach?

DOCTOR:
(FILLING POCKETS) Contraband. No wonder Dask's cell inspections never turned up anything illicit.

JANSON:
Yeah. Turns out there's an upside to having an alien on the wing.

NYSSA:
Doctor — Chaplin's on the other side!

DOCTOR:
This'll have to do. Thank you, Jabreth. (RUNNING, CALLING BACK) Nyssa, Janson — keep everyone on the edge of the [yard!]

(FX: SWALLOWED UP BY THE SOUND OF THE FORCEFIELD COMING BACK ON.)

NYSSA:
Good luck, Doctor.

JABRETH:
(HOWLS)

JANSON:
The ship's getting closer. (BEAT) Nyssa – what is a Time Lord, exactly?

SCENE 23: **INT. FOLLY FORCEFIELD (CONTINUOUS)**

(FX: AS BEFORE, EVERYTHING TREACLY.)

DOCTOR:
(SLOW) Focus, Doctor. Steady pace at bat. That's the trick.

SCENE 24: EXT. FIELD GATE

(FX: B/G FORCEFIELD HUM)

DASK:
That ship's really low.

GOVERNOR:
You're right, Dask. I should do something. (FX: STATIC CRACKLE) (INTO COMMS) Jabreth ship, welcome to Folly. This is Gov - (SHRUGS) - President Chaplain. You're cleared to land.

DASK:
Land?!?

GOVERNOR:
(INTO COMMS) Time field distortion? No, no – not to worry, it's normal on Folly.

(FX: ENGINES' SHRIEK BECOMES MORE PIERCING. CROSS TO:)

SCENE 25: **EXT. BESIDE MAIN GATE (CONTINUOUS)**

JABRETH:
(WHICKERS)

JANSON:
What's keeping him?

NYSSA:
Hurry, Doctor…

SCENE 26: **INT. FOLLY FORCEFIELD (CONTINUOUS)**

(FX: TREACLY.)

NYSSA:
(SLOW, BEHIND FORCEFIELD) … Hurry!

DOCTOR:
(SLOW) I am hurrying!

SCENE 27: EXT. FIELD GATE

(FX: B/G FORCEFIELD HUM. SHRIEKING OF ENGINES PAINFUL)

DASK:
(CLUTCHING EARS) That sound-!!!

GOVERNOR:
(SHOUTING OVER NOISE) Camera crews?!? Where are my camera crews-?!? (BEAT) There! Look at that! An alien attack craft! We're under alien attack! This – this is what I warned you about, Folly! Now it's really happening! All of you at home – if you've not made it out to vote, I urge you – go now, for the sake of our Colony! (FX: FORCEFIELD HUM CUTS OUT. SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE ENGINES BEGIN TO SHIFT TO A NORMAL TEMPO.) Go! Go! Go-!!!

DASK:
It's gone. The noise. It's gone!

GOVERNOR:
What? (INTO COMMS) Field gate, raise the forcefields! Field gate, come in please!

SCENE 28: EXT. BESIDE MAIN GATE (CONTINUOUS)

JABRETH:
(EXCITED GIBBERS)

NYSSA:
The forcefields are down! He made it!!!

JANSON:
Yeah. (LOUD AS HE CAN) Everyone – the forcefields are down!

NYSSA:
Janson, no-!!!

SCENE 29: EXT. FIELD GATE

(FX: SOUNDS OF CHEERING PRISONERS CHARGING THROUGH THE GATES BEHIND, EN MASSE)

GOVERNOR:
The prisoners! They're breaking out! Dask – shoot them!

DASK:
What, all one thousand seven hundred and nine of them?!?

PRISONERS:
(OFF) There's Chaplin!/Get her!!!

GOVERNOR:
Just – protect me!

DOCTOR:
(OFF) Governor Chaplin! In here! Hurry!

GOVERNOR:
Doctor-?!?

DASK:
What's he doing in Field Gate Control?

DOCTOR:
No time to debate! In here! Now!!!

(FX: THEY RUSH OFF, INTO:)

SCENE 30: INT. FIELD GATE CONTROL (CONTINUOUS)

DOCTOR:
Quick! … (FX: CHAPLIN AND DASK RUSH IN) Dask, hold the door!

(FX: DOOR SLAMMED, BOLTED, CUTTING OUT SURGING PRISONERS)

GOVERNOR:
(BREATHLESS) Doctor. It was you. You powered down the forcefields!

DOCTOR:
It was.

GOVERNOR:
But you were on the other side of the time field. I saw you — (DOUBLE-TAKE) When did you grow that beard?

DOCTOR:
No time to explain. Governor — stand over there, please. In the far corner.

(FX: PRISONERS BATTERING ON DOOR)

PRISONERS:
(OUTSIDE) Chaplin's in there!/Get her!
Tear her legs off!/And her arms!/Yeah, and her head! [ETC]

DASK:
I can't hold the door, Doctor! You'll have to talk to them!

DOCTOR:
I don't think they're in any mood to listen, Dask. But I have another solution in mind…

GOVERNOR:
Whatever it is — do it, Doctor! Do [it!!!]

(FX: CUT OVER BY FORCEFIELD HUM)

DOCTOR:
As you say, Governor.

DASK:
The time field! It's in here!

DOCTOR:
I've narrowed it, to around Governor Chaplin. A nice, secure, week-wide exclusion zone around her own personal borders.

DASK:
You did that?

DOCTOR:
It is rather basic time technology.

(FX: DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

JANSON:
Doctor? You here?!?

DOCTOR:
Janson. And Nyssa, there you are.

NYSSA:
We can't hold them back, Doctor.

JANSON:
You're going to have to give her up. The Governor.

DOCTOR:
Tell the crowd, they're welcome to try. But, as you see – she's spending a little time in Solitary.

JANSON:
The time field. Huh. That's smart. (CALLING) Alright, everyone, there's no getting at Chaplin. Not unless you want even more time inside!

PRISONERS:
(DISAPPOINTED JEERS, OFF)

JANSON:
(CALLING) G'wan, get out while the getting's good! (TO DOCTOR) Reckon I should do the same.

DASK:
Err, not so sure about that.

JANSON:
C'mon, Dask. It's not like I won't be back soon enough.

NYSSA:
Please, Nathan.

DASK:
… Alright, then.

DOCTOR:
Janson. You could always go straight, you know.

JANSON:
I'll think about it. Honest. (EXITING) Bye, all.

DOCTOR:
Hmm. Nyssa – we should be off, as well.

NYSSA:
You're not leaving *her* here. Chaplin.

DOCTOR:
She'll be out of the time field in a week, she'll survive.

NYSSA:
But she's a tyrant!

DOCTOR:
A tyrant who's gambled her entire reputation on security, but appears to have let one thousand, seven hundred and nine prisoners loose on the streets of Folly. I think her poll ratings may just have taken a bit of a blow. Not to mention her chances of keeping her job.

NYSSA:
And the escaped prisoners?

DASK:
Yeah, some of them might actually have been guilty!

DOCTOR:
Well, I only hope *some* of them will have listened to my advice.

NYSSA:
Then there's the temporal trace. The explosion that never happened?

DOCTOR:
An echo isn't the same as an event. Besides, the explosion could never have happened if I hadn't detected it, and warned the Governor about it. A paradox!

NYSSA:
Yes, well – I don't suppose the Time Lords will take such a relaxed view.

DASK:
There'll be an enquiry. What do I do? What do I say?

DOCTOR:
Look here, both of you. If anyone asks, just tell them the notorious criminal Dr John Smith was responsible. I gather that's how it usually goes, here on Folly…

THE END

4: SPECIAL FEATURES

A ONE-PART ADVENTURE BY **JOHN DORNEY**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON
Time traveller.

NYSSA/'FELICITY': SARAH SUTTON
Time traveller's companion./Character played by Nyssa in the film *The Devil's Whisper*.

MARTIN ASHCROFT:
Director of the film *The Devil's Whisper*.

SIR JACK MERRIVALE/'PROFESSOR BROMLEY'/'NARRATOR':
Actor aged 65./Character played by Merrivale at age 40 in the film *The Devil's Whisper*./Narrator of *The Devil's Whisper*.

JOHANNA BOURKE/'CARLOTTA':
Actress aged 55./Character played by Bourke at age 30 in the film *The Devil's Whisper*.

ALSO: MR PINFIELD; YOKEL; RUNNING MAN; CARRIAGE DRIVER.

DIRECTOR: KEN BENTLEY
SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES
PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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COMMENTARY SCENE 1: INT. RECORDING STUDIO

ASHCROFT:
Hello, and welcome to this twenty-fifth anniversary DVD. My name's Martin Ashcroft, and I directed 'Doctor Demonic's Tales of Terror'. With me is —

MERRIVALE:
Sir Jack Merrivale, actor.

BOURKE:
And I'm Johanna Bourke, hello. I played Carlotta in 'The Devil's Whisper', the first of the stories in the film.

(PAUSE)

ASHCROFT:
(ASIDE, TO DOCTOR) Um, can you say your [name-]?

DOCTOR:
Oh, yes, sorry. I'm Doctor John Smith, historical advisor on 'The Devil's Whisper'.

ASHCROFT:
Great, that's all of us. So, welcome to the commentary, here we go.
Opening titles here, as you can see. Designed by the legendary Paul Mundell, of course. Dead now, sadly.

BOURKE:
Lovely man.

ASHCROFT:
Lovely man, yes, absolutely. Lovely man. Much missed.
So, Sir Jack — a lot of people probably won't realise that was you as Doctor Demonic in the opening scene…

MERRIVALE:
No, no, they probably won't.

ASHCROFT:
Lot of make-up there.

MERRIVALE:
Yes, lot of make-up. Lot of make-up. The idea was that I played a different character in each of the four stories…

ASHCROFT:
Which you did brilliantly.

MERRIVALE:
Thank you.

ASHCROFT:
Unrecognisable every time.

MERRIVALE:
Of course, and that linked in with the whole ‘devil as storyteller’ thing at the end.

BOURKE:
Can we give away the end?

ASHCROFT:
We can, yes. Yes, we can.
Lovely Laura Price there on props. Such a shame. Some of you may have heard of the so-called ‘Curse of the Devils Whisper’… (BEAT) Actually, it’s not really appropriate to go into that now. Tragic, though. Tragic.
Our enigmatic writer Phillip Mongston there.
Ah, Jerome.

BOURKE:
Yes. Quite the ladies’ man, our producer.

ASHCROFT:
Supposed to be here with us today, of course, Jerome. But we’re recording this a month too late. Hope there are barmaids in heaven.

MERRIVALE:
Are you just going to talk about who’s dead?

(PAUSE)

ASHCROFT:
Yes, so here we go. ‘Doctor Demonic’ was a portmanteau film — basically one big movie made up of several shorter ones. Very popular in the Seventies. Mainly horror. Sometimes comedy. Or indeed comedy horror. Usually horror, though.
So now we’re into the first part of the film, ‘The Devil’s Whisper.’

BOURKE:
(To MERRIVALE) Oh, don’t you look young, Sir Jack.

MERRIVALE:
It was a long time ago. We all looked younger.

ASHCROFT:
Yes. (BEAT) Except you, Doctor Smith, you don’t look a day older.

DOCTOR:
Don’t I?

BOURKE:
No, you don't.

ASHCROFT:
I mean – literally, not a day.

DOCTOR:
Well, I am a Doctor.

(BEAT)

ASHCROFT:
I see. Yes.

(BEAT)

BOURKE:
We must talk later.

COMMENTARY SCENE 2: INT. RECORDING STUDIO (CONT)

BOURKE:
(SEEING NYSSA ON SCREEN) Oh! That's, um…

ASHCROFT:
… Nyssa, Nyssa Traken.

BOURKE:
Nyssa Traken, yes.

ASHCROFT:
Only did the one film. European, I think.

BOURKE:
Maybe she went back?

ASHCROFT:
Said she was from – from 'Tardis', I think it was.

BOURKE:
Tardis, where's that?

MERRIVALE:
Romania.

BOURKE:
Right.

ASHCROFT:
Good little actress. Good little actress. Wonder what happened to her?
Yes, so, nineteen seventy-six we made this.

BOURKE:
The long summer, wasn't it?

ASHCROFT:
Actually filmed in Beachamwell itself, it's a real village. Real village in Norfolk.

MERRIVALE:
Lovely village. Lived in the area many years. Beautiful part of the country.

ASHCROFT:
It's based on a genuine, er, legend. Lots of funny legends from the area.

MERRIVALE:
Yes, like 'the mystery of Red Lodge'. (SNORTS)

ASHCROFT:
Do you want to tell us anything about that, John?

DOCTOR:
About the mystery of Red Lodge?

ASHCROFT:
About Beachamwell.

DOCTOR:
Ah. Yes. Well, the story goes that in the mid-nineteenth century a landlady who'd recently lost her husband in an accident —

BOURKE:
(INTERRUPTING) That's me. My character.

DOCTOR:
Yes. The story goes that she turned to spiritualism for comfort, but that during the course of her explorations she was possessed by demons, demons that used her as a conduit for the possession of others. Most of the village was taken over and the number of victims grew exponentially.

MERRIVALE:
So then what happened?

DOCTOR:
Well, the possessions ended when a visiting professor, and his niece —

BOURKE:
(SEEING MERRIVALE ON SCREEN) Oh, that's you.

DOCTOR:
That's… Sir Jack, yes. He, and his niece, reversed the possession and drove the demons away, rescuing all the villagers. (BEAT) And that's basically it.

MERRIVALE:
Nonsense.

DOCTOR:
Well, it is a legend.

ASHCROFT:
So how much of that is actual historical fact, then?

DOCTOR:
Fact is difficult to define, isn't it?

ASHCROFT:
You must have some idea.

DOCTOR:
I do, but —

MERRIVALE:
How much?

DOCTOR:
(BEAT) All of it.

MERRIVALE:
What?

DOCTOR:
Obviously, there's been *some* corruption in the telling.

MERRIVALE:
Are you suggesting demons are real?

DOCTOR:
Not as such, no.

ASHCROFT:
Then this landlady was, what - mentally unstable?

BOURKE:
(LAUGHING) Explains why I was cast!

DOCTOR:
Not exactly. It's complicated.

MERRIVALE:
Well, since none of us were there at the time, it's all rather academic, isn't it?

(PAUSE)

DOCTOR:
Yes.

COMMENTARY SCENE 3: INT. RECORDING STUDIO (CONT)

ASHCROFT:
Lovely bit of design there. Think I've got the same wallpaper. (BEAT) Actually, I might have nicked it from the set. Probably shouldn't have mentioned it, really.

Building up to the first of the big sacrifice scenes, now. Some of the props and costumes in this sequence are totally authentic. They're from Beachamwell itself. They're supposed to have taken part in the actual events.

That plate, shield thing, whatever it is… The circular wotsit with all the odd symbols on it. That's authentic. (BEAT) Actually, it's not, is it? The original *was* authentic, but this is the reshoot…

MERRIVALE:
We're not going to talk about that, are we?

ASHCROFT:
Well, we've got to, it's famous.

MERRIVALE:
I've worked on a great number of films over the years. There are always problems.

ASHCROFT:
Quite severe problems, Jack.

MERRIVALE:
Just because it's a horror movie, people start bandying around the word 'curse' willy-nilly…

ASHCROFT:
It's sort of understandable, given all the… accidents. And, you know, Laura.

BOURKE:
I thought we weren't going to talk about her.

MERRIVALE:
What happened with Laura was tragic, yes, but not supernatural. There was nothing otherworldly going on.

ASHCROFT:
The missing scene, explain that! (BEAT) The first sacrifice sequence was a reshoot from a day when an entire night's filming vanished. All the props, script pages, footage. Gone. We were shooting the possession scene you've just, er, seen. We were doing Sir Jack's coverage later. We'd been going an hour or so, just getting ready to hit the whole chanting bit and then — (BEAT) Then, it's a blank. Don't know what happened. Suddenly it's three hours later and everything's gone. No-one remembered a thing.

BOURKE:
I think it was aliens.

MERRIVALE:
Good grief.

ASHCROFT:
There've been various tests over the years. Investigations. None of them turned up what happened. Just another one of those unsolved mysteries.

DOCTOR:
(THOUGHTFULLY) So, Sir Jack wasn't on set…?

ASHCROFT:
No.

[…]

BOURKE:
That's a nice dress.

[…]

ASHCROFT:
Big action sequence coming up here. The runaway carriage bit. Always a tricky thing to film, action.
Obviously, for the most part I let Matt, our second unit director, do the exteriors, the carriage going through the wood.

MERRIVALE:
Most of it was in studio, though.

ASHCROFT:
Yes. We used a technique called back projection, so we could integrate the footage from the studio with the scenes shot outside.
You see, that's the studio. You and Nyssa. The view through the window's back projection.
That's on film.
Studio again.

BOURKE:
How are you getting the rocking motion?

MERRIVALE:
Stage hands. Moving a rig.

ASHCROFT:
And that's back on location.

Gareth Hampton our stunt driver there. Lovely man. Went to his wedding the other week. Lovely service.

BOURKE:
You often did action sequences, didn't you, Sir Jack?

MERRIVALE:
When required. One of the things with doing a lot of horror films. Lots of action. Lots of make-up.

ASHCROFT:
Sir Jack, and indeed Johanna, were already on board when I joined the project. Have to say, I couldn't have been happier.

BOURKE:
Oh, thank you.

ASHCROFT:
There's a real weight you gain from actors of quality, and iconic actors… even more so. A sort of history. A dignity. A — (BREAKING OFF) Oh, and you're just about to go in the mud here.
There you go. Six takes that was.

MERRIVALE:
Seven.

ASHCROFT:
Was it?

MERRIVALE:
Yes.

(BEAT)

ASHCROFT:
Right.

COMMENTARY SCENE 4: INT. RECORDING STUDIO (CONT)

ASHCROFT:
(WATCHING CARRIAGE GO OVER CLIFF) That was at the seaside at Southwold, that precipice.

MERRIVALE:
Lovely town. Know it well.

[…]

ASHCROFT:
Not the best dialogue in the world, has to be said. Fairly functional. Did any of you ever meet the writer? Phillip Mongston?

BOURKE:
Um. Don't remember.

MERRIVALE:
No.

ASHCROFT:
I didn't. Bit of a recluse by all accounts.
Odd choice. The script. Jerome brought it along at the last minute. Very keen. Don't know why. Quite insistent. I'm happy with the end result, obviously -

BOURKE:
Yes, it's good, isn't it.

ASHCROFT:
Very good, but still — odd choice. Odd choice. Plot doesn't really make sense. We'd planned on making a few changes but our script supervisor had a bit of an accident, bit late in the day. Had to go as written.

[…]

BOURKE:
She's very good, isn't she?

ASHCROFT:
Nyssa Traken?

BOURKE:
Yes.

ASHCROFT:
Very good. Very good. Does so much with just the face. I mean, look at the fear there. So real.
Felicity was originally going to be played by Amelia Pacquola from… from somewhere in Europe.

MERRIVALE:
Handsome woman. Wonderful knitter.

ASHCROFT:
(NONPLUSSED) But anyway, she left the project about a week before the shoot. Think it was a week. She'd been offered a film in Australia.

DOCTOR:
(AWKWARD) Ah.

ASHCROFT:
Big part, big money. Couldn't say no. Turned out to be made up. Absolute hoax, didn't exist. Someone just faked it, got her to fly out for no reason. By the time she found out, we'd already started with Nyssa.

Who was something of a lucky find, has to be said. The day we heard from Amelia, Nyssa had had an appointment in a different office in the same building, can't remember what for, and just stumbled into the wrong office. By mistake. Jerome liked the look of her, got her to read… and a star was born.

Actually, no, obviously, because she only did the one film, but you know what I mean.

Never found out who made the hoax, incidentally, the hoax film. Never found out. Always wondered.

(PAUSE. SOME AWKWARD SHIFTING)

MERRIVALE:
Are you all right, Dr Smith?

DOCTOR:
Er, yes, yes, I'm perfectly fine. It's just the chair, it's a little… pointy.

ASHCROFT:
Anything you want to add? Been a bit quiet.

DOCTOR:
No, no, you carry on, you're doing marvellously.

ASHCROFT:
You do sort of need to speak, otherwise there's not a massive amount of point you being here…

DOCTOR:
I'm just thinking.

BOURKE:
What about?

DOCTOR:
Hmm? Oh. The curse, as a matter of fact.

MERRIVALE:
Oh, no.

ASHCROFT:
You missed most of it, didn't you? You weren't on set 'til late in the shoot. All that had stopped by the time you arrived.

DOCTOR:
A little *after* I arrived, technically.

(BEAT)

ASHCROFT:
Actually, you turning up. That was strange. No-one could remember hiring you.

DOCTOR:
Ah, yes, you see -

ASHCROFT:
Like you'd just walked in off the street. In fact… I don't remember you being hired for this commentary.

DOCTOR:
Don't you?

ASHCROFT:
They said there was only enough money for three, wasn't there?

DOCTOR:
I'm very cheap. (BEAT) What did you say?

COMMENTARY SCENE 5: INT. RECORDING STUDIO (CONT)

ASHCROFT:
Again, this was the actual pub the landlady was supposed to have run.

DOCTOR:
So I was right. It isn't dead.

ASHCROFT:
What? What isn't dead?

DOCTOR:
(BEAT) The Rasht Nursemaid. I knew it was too easy.

MERRIVALE:
What are you on about?

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid that two of you are in very great danger indeed.

ASHCROFT:
What?

BOURKE:
Two of us? Which two?

DOCTOR:
What happened to Jerome? Precisely?

ASHCROFT:
Are you feeling alright?

DOCTOR:
You said he died a month ago, how did he die?

ASHCROFT:
I don't know if this is really appropriate –

DOCTOR:
Answer me!

ASHCROFT:
In his sleep?

DOCTOR:
Why? He wasn't old.

ASHCROFT:
Um, no-one's exactly sure –

BOURKE:
Are we still going?

ASHCROFT:
He just sort of – stopped.

DOCTOR:
Stopped?

ASHCROFT:
Yes.

DOCTOR:
(BEAT) Does that remind you of anyone, hmm? Does that sound familiar at all?

MERRIVALE:
(REFUSING TO BELIEVE) No.

BOURKE:
(ANSWERING THE QUESTION) No.

DOCTOR:
Does it, Martin?

(PAUSE)

ASHCROFT:
(QUIETLY) Yes.

DOCTOR:
Who?

ASHCROFT:
(BEAT) Laura Price.

DOCTOR:
Yes. Laura Price on props. Twenty-three years old. Died during the night, when her body just stopped for no readily apparent reason. No-one could ever figure out why.

ASHCROFT:
It's not the same thing.

DOCTOR:
Isn't it? Or has the curse come back?

MERRIVALE:
There is no curse.

DOCTOR:
Yes, but there is a cause. The absence of supernatural influences doesn't mean everything's totally unconnected. There was only enough money for three people today, you said?

ASHCROFT:
So they told me.

DOCTOR:
But Jerome was supposed to be here as well, wasn't he? If he hadn't died.

ASHCROFT:
Yes, but I don't see what —

DOCTOR:
So it's simple maths, Martin. One of you is his replacement.

ASHCROFT:
What?

DOCTOR:
But which one?

BOURKE:
I've been booked for months.

ASHCROFT:
I've always been doing this.

MERRIVALE:
(OFFENDED) I'm Sir Jack Merrivale.

DOCTOR:
Yes, well, you were hardly going to admit it, were you?

MERRIVALE:
What are you on about? Admit what?

DOCTOR:
(BEAT) One of you killed Jerome so you could be here today. Just like you killed Laura.

ASHCROFT:
What?

COMMENTARY SCENE 6: INT. RECORDING STUDIO (CONT)

MERRIVALE:
I've had enough of this. (OFF MIC) Over there, in the booth. Can we start again, please? Can we start this again, just the three of us?

DOCTOR:
If you start this again without me, then two of you will be dead within thirty minutes.

MERRIVALE:
What?

DOCTOR:
With me, you've got less than five. If I don't stop it.

(BEAT)

MERRIVALE:
I'm calling the police. (FX: BEGINS PRESSING NUMBERS INTO PHONE)

DOCTOR:
(SNATCHING PHONE AWAY) No, I don't think so —

MERRIVALE:
But - that's my phone! You give me back my phone!

DOCTOR:
You want to live, you will listen to me. (TO JOHANNA) What if I were to tell you, Miss Bourke, that you were right?

BOURKE:
I was right?

ASHCROFT:
About what?

DOCTOR:
About what was responsible for the missing scene.

MERRIVALE:
Aliens?

BOURKE:
I'm never right.

DOCTOR:
Not aliens. One alien. One very nasty alien.

MERRIVALE:
Are you insane?

DOCTOR:
In the eighteen-hundreds. On the film set, in 1976. And here today. The same one. Every time. Martin — you wanted to know what affected the landlady, if it wasn't demons?

ASHCROFT:
Yes, but —

DOCTOR:
It was a Rasht. A particularly nasty kind of mind parasite from another dimension.

ASHCROFT:
I'm sorry?

DOCTOR:
An energy being. More of a concept than a physical reality.

MERRIVALE:
This is ridiculous!

DOCTOR:
They send out seeding devices through space, like dandelions in the wind. Looking for somewhere to land, to fertilise. Round discs covered in symbols.

ASHCROFT:
Like the prop in the ceremony?

DOCTOR:
Exactly, Martin, that's right, exactly like the prop in the ceremony. (BEAT) Sooner or later these devices find life. They're picked up in space, or land on inhabited planets. Whatever. They find it. Or more accurately, it finds them. Before too long, some poor unfortunate locates one of these devices and touches it.

ASHCROFT:
And… erm… then what?

DOCTOR:
(BEAT) It plants a seed in their mind — a lone embryonic Rasht that's lived in the device in suspended animation for perhaps hundreds of years.

ASHCROFT:
I think I've gone mad.

DOCTOR:
It grows. And as it grows, it envelops and devours the host's mind, eating it away as nourishment, gaining strength as it dies.

MERRIVALE:
That’s revolting.

DOCTOR:
Slowly, bit by bit, it takes over the host body, possessing it entirely, becoming one. And then its purpose becomes to act as nursemaid, birthing new Rasht in new minds. That’s what all this is about.

ASHCROFT:
It is?

DOCTOR:
It’s happened twice before. And it’ll happen again today if I don’t stop it.

ASHCROFT:
The landlady?

DOCTOR:
Her husband was killed when the device fell from the sky. She must have been infected straight away.

ASHCROFT:
And then possessed the other villagers?

DOCTOR:
Rasht technology operates through the combination of images and the spoken word. If a control phrase is said while someone looks at the symbols on the seeding device a tunnel opens up in their mind and a Rasht embryo floods in. That’s how they propagate. That’s what the ceremony was.

ASHCROFT:
(NERVOUSLY) Which we then repeated?

DOCTOR:
Precisely. And I mean, precisely.

COMMENTARY SCENE 7: INT. RECORDING STUDIO (CONT)

DOCTOR:
The first time it happened this… *visiting professor* was able to force the Rasht out of the villagers' minds. The Nursemaid retreated into the seed device, where it must have remained untouched for over a century, lost somewhere in the wilds of Norfolk. I couldn't find it at the time.

ASHCROFT:
You couldn't?

DOCTOR:
Er… he. (BEAT) Then, in nineteen seventy-six, someone found it. Someone new. Someone involved with the movies. They were possessed.

ASHCROFT:
And they put it in the film? In *my* film?

DOCTOR:
What better way to disseminate their race into as many people as possible? Film the device, speak the control phrase over the footage, distribute it nationally – you've got thousands of Rasht waiting to be born. (BEAT) I'd thought it was Jerome. He made sense. He'd insisted on all the authentic locations, the props. He'd even provided the script.

MERRIVALE:
But, the writer –

DOCTOR:
Phillip Mongston doesn't exist. I checked. It's a pseudonym.

ASHCROFT:
No wonder I never met him.

DOCTOR:
Anyone who got in the way of using the real device and control phrase was dealt with.

MERRIVALE:
Laura.

DOCTOR:
Laura, yes, and the script supervisor. All those other accidents. It couldn't have anyone changing things before filming began, could it? (BEAT) So on the night you filmed the ceremony the words were said while you looked at the device – and all of you were possessed by Rasht.

MERRIVALE:
What?

ASHCROFT:
There's one in my mind?

DOCTOR:
Not any more. I was able to drive them out. Your real minds returned, but obviously you had no memory of the events.

MERRIVALE:
(BEMUSED) Obviously.

DOCTOR:
I destroyed the footage.

ASHCROFT:
You did?

DOCTOR:
The footage, the seeding device, the script pages, the soundtrack. Anything to ensure the scene couldn't be replicated, even accidentally.

ASHCROFT:
And — the nursemaid?

DOCTOR:
I thought it was dead. I was sure it was dead. Jerome seemed fine. I thought it had left him.

ASHCROFT:
But it wasn't in Jerome?

DOCTOR:
No. I see that now.

MERRIVALE:
But if the footage was destroyed and the device was destroyed, why are you here? Today?

DOCTOR:
Because I overlooked something.

MERRIVALE:
What?

DOCTOR:
The final scene.

ASHCROFT:
The second ceremony?

DOCTOR:
Chronologically later, but filmed earlier.

ASHCROFT:
Ah, yes, we shot that one first because during production we realised that —

DOCTOR:
(CUTTING IN) I don't think we really need to know that at the moment, Martin! (BEAT) It had footage of the seeding device. I forgot. I left it in. Say the control phrase over the final scene, and you possess anyone who listens. You can't do it on the soundtrack any more. But you can do it - on a commentary.
I'd thought it was dead. But what if I was wrong? What if it had just retreated, licking its wounds, reviving its strength? What if it realised it had one last chance to spread its spores across the planet? (BEAT) I had to be here. Just to see. It seems like I made the right choice.

ASHCROFT:
So, what are you going to do?

DOCTOR:
Do? Same as before. I've studied Rasht technology, their language. Just as the right control phrase can birth one of their young, so another can burn an adult from our plane completely.

ASHCROFT:
Well, then, say it!

DOCTOR:
It destroys human minds too, Martin. I can only say it to the nursemaid, otherwise I kill the innocent.

ASHCROFT:
Then you'd better find out which one of us it is. It's on screen in a minute or two, we've not got much time!

DOCTOR:
It's not that easy!

COMMENTARY SCENE 8: INT. RECORDING STUDIO (CONT)

DOCTOR:
It has to be someone who could have influenced Jerome into planting the props and buying the script. Someone with power over him.

MERRIVALE:
Like Martin? He's the director, he's all power!

DOCTOR:
Or the star? Someone who could insist on script approval? Someone who'd lived in the area all his life, and could have easily have found the seeding device?

ASHCROFT:
Jack! You mean Jack!

MERRIVALE:
Sir Jack!

DOCTOR:
Everything points to one of you two. You're the only ones who had the power.

ASHCROFT:
Wha- But it's not me!

MERRIVALE:
Or me! I've got a BAFTA and everything!

DOCTOR:
(THOUGHTFUL, AS HE FIGURES IT OUT) But that's just it, isn't it? You're too powerful. Too important. The director and the star. Why wouldn't you have been booked for the commentary?

ASHCROFT:
Um -

DOCTOR:
So maybe it's a different sort of power. Maybe Jerome was held in a different way.

ASHCROFT:
What do you mean?

DOCTOR:
(BEAT) 'Quite the ladies' man, our producer.'

(PAUSE)

BOURKE:
Why are you looking at me like that?

DOCTOR:
You've been remarkably quiet the last few minutes, Miss Bourke. Did none of that make you want to ask a question?

BOURKE:
I couldn't follow a word of it, sweetie.

DOCTOR:
It has to be you. You're the only person who could possibly be a replacement for Jerome.

BOURKE:
Now that's just rude.

DOCTOR:
You found the device. It took your mind. You wrote a script about the events in Beachamwell —

BOURKE:
I can barely string two words together!

DOCTOR:
You've been hiding from me all along. Pretending to be meek and quiet and inoffensive, not saying anything that might draw attention to yourself, anything relevant. I mean, would anyone really talk such inane nonsense all the time?

BOURKE:
Not heard many DVD commentaries, have you?

DOCTOR:
You seduced Jerome. You got him to put your script in the film, the real props in the film. And just to make certain, you cast yourself in the part. What better way to guarantee the phrase will be said, than by saying it yourself?

BOURKE:
You are a very strange man.

DOCTOR:
The game's up, I'm afraid. Martin, Sir Jack. Cover your ears. (CHANTS) 'Drakshula maktinsha!'

BOURKE:
What are you doing?

DOCTOR:
A new control phrase. One that can destroy you. 'Drakshula maktinsha —'

BOURKE:
This is mad.

DOCTOR:
‘Alancra miktelsha —‘

BOURKE:
(TO MERRIVALE AND ASHCROFT) Are you just going to sit there?

DOCTOR:
‘Sambrala tenshula fallancha eltanbla!’

(FX: TABLE IS OVERTURNED. GLASSES SMASH)

ASHCROFT:
Careful!

BOURKE:
(POSSESSED. LOUD AND SHOUTING) You dare use our language against us?

MERRIVALE:
Good grief!

ASHCROFT:
Jo, Jo are you all right?

BOURKE:
Quiet, worm!

MERRIVALE:
This can’t be happening!

DOCTOR:
‘Drakshula maktinsha! Alancra miktelsha!’

BOURKE:
Keep talking, Doctor!!!

DOCTOR:
‘Sambrala tenshula fallancha eltanbla!’

ASHCROFT:
It’s not doing anything!

COMMENTARY SCENE 9: INT. RECORDING STUDIO (CONT)

(FX: BOURKE ROARS, CHAIRS OVER-TURNED)

BOURKE:
The words are useless without the pictograms! Another miscalculation, Doctor.

ASHCROFT:
What?

DOCTOR:
I think perhaps we could be in trouble.

BOURKE:
Trouble? In one minute, Rasht larvae will enter your brain – and your entire consciousnesses will be food for our young, no *trouble*!

MERRIVALE:
I need to call my agent.

DOCTOR:
(TO BOURKE) You can't be planning on continuing this insane scheme? Who in their right mind would keep listening after this?

BOURKE:
You're still listening. You're still here. I can seed the three of you.

ASHCROFT:
No!

BOURKE:
Then we start the commentary again. And next time, we'll get it right.

MERRIVALE:
Listen here, you. I'm Sir Jack Merrivale!

BOURKE:
Will you shut up, you pompous microbe?! That I have had to sit through twenty minutes of your pointless posturing -

MERRIVALE:
How dare you?

BOURKE:
I said SHUT UP!

(FX: SMASHES HIM TO THE FLOOR. OVER THE NEXT FEW LINES HE MOANS IN AGONY)

DOCTOR:
There was no need for that!

BOURKE:
If my people did not have a use for his flesh, ‘Jack’ would be dead.

ASHCROFT:
(PANICKED, SHOUTING) Please! In the booth, whoever you are, phone the police —

BOURKE:
Do you not understand? Nobody is getting in here, nobody is getting out! Your soul is mine. Your life is mine. Look at the screen!

DOCTOR:
Don’t do it, Martin!

BOURKE:
LOOK AT IT!

ASHCROFT:
I — I must… must look…

BOURKE:
You too, Doctor. Look at the screen.

DOCTOR:
I -

BOURKE:
You have not the will to resist, look at the screen.
Twice before you have stopped me. It will not happen a third.
Feel it. Feel it bore into your head. Feel your mind open and its fingers reach in. (CHANTING) *Jabushka mac tu tor. Shalaka nic telerach. Jabushka mac tu tor. Shalaka nic —*

DOCTOR:
… Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo?

BOURKE:
What?

DOCTOR:
Or was it ‘Klaatu Barada Nikto’? You know, I can never remember.

BOURKE:
Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Doesn't work without the pictograms, you say. Interesting.

BOURKE:
You —

DOCTOR:
I might not have been totally honest with you. (BEAT) Don't look at the screen, Martin, Sir Jack…

BOURKE:
What have you done?

DOCTOR:
(INTONING) Drakshula maktinsha —

BOURKE:
NO!

DOCTOR:
Alancra miktelsha -

BOURKE:
(WITH EFFORT) I — will not — look —

(FX: A SWIRLING VORTEX LIKE SOUND BUILDS UP IN THE BACKGROUND)

BOURKE:
No — no —

DOCTOR:
Sambrala tenshula fallancha eltanbla!

BOURKE:
Noooooooooooooooooo-!!!

(FX: HER SCREAM IS SUCKED UP INTO THE VORTEX IN A MAELSTROM OF SOUND. THE NOISE IS SUCKED UP WITH HER AND THE ROOM IS LEFT SILENT)

COMMENTARY SCENE 10: INT. RECORDING STUDIO (CONT)

DOCTOR:
And that's a wrap.

ASHCROFT:
Wha — wha —

DOCTOR:
(CALLING OUT) Nyssa? You can stop the film now.

ASHCROFT:
Nyssa? Nyssa Traken?

DOCTOR:
She's in the booth. It's a long story.

ASHCROFT:
What just happened?

(FX: FILM CUTS ABRUPTLY. FROM HERE, WE'RE NO LONGER HEARING WHAT WAS ON THE TAPE, SO WE'LL NEED A SHIFT IN ATMOS. WARMER)

DOCTOR:
Oh, it's quite simple. I destroyed the Rasht nursemaid.

ASHCROFT:
But why — why —

(FX: DOOR OPENS OFF)

NYSSA:
(ENTERS) Martin. It's good to see you again.

ASHCROFT:
It's you. Really you. All the way from Romania!

NYSSA:
Not exactly.

ASHCROFT:
Doctor, I don't understand. Why weren't Nyssa and I possessed?

DOCTOR:
Well I wasn't going to run the real footage, that would have been asking for trouble. I put together my own version of the film — one where I'd digitally replaced the Rasht pictograms with a set of my own, to destroy it.

ASHCROFT:
You doctored the footage?

DOCTOR:
In a manner of speaking.

NYSSA:
Poor Johanna.

DOCTOR:
Yes. She must have had her entire consciousness eaten away decades ago.

MERRIVALE:
(WEAKLY, COMING ROUND) - wonder how anyone could tell the difference…?

ASHCROFT:
Jack!

MERRIVALE:
Sir Jack. Can someone call me an ambulance?

DOCTOR:
Nyssa, we need to gather up all the tapes. Including the commentary.

NYSSA:
Yes, of course.

DOCTOR:
They're too dangerous to leave behind. We need to take them and destroy them.

NYSSA:
(HOLDING DOOR) We'd better be off, then.

DOCTOR:
Absolutely. (HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR)

ASHCROFT:
You're — Are you going?

DOCTOR:
Oh, you don't need me. You were doing fine without me. Riveting stuff.

ASHCROFT:
No, but —

DOCTOR:
(AS HE EXITS) It's not like you needed an historical advisor, it wasn't *that* accurate. Visiting *professor*, I ask you… (HE'S GONE)

ASHCROFT:
Doctor? Doctor!!!

MERRIVALE:
Do you know what this means, Martin?

ASHCROFT:
What?

(PAUSE)

MERRIVALE:
I think we're going to have to do it all again!

THE END

NB: IN FILM SCENES, BOLDED DIALOGUE TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER, OR SYNCHRONISES WITH, DIALOGUE IN COMMENTARY SCENES.

FILM SCENE 1: EXT. WINDSWEPT MOOR

(MUSIC: DRAMATIC CHORD)

(FX: WIND BLOWS. SOMEWHERE A WOLF HOWLS. SLOWLY, THE SOUNDS OF SOMEONE RUNNING, PANTING, COMING CLOSER)

MR PINFIELD:
Please, I beg you – keep it away from me…

NARRATOR:
What's the matter, Mr Pinfield? Did you not like the story? Everyone likes *my* stories. Everyone gets… *involved*.

MR PINFIELD:
Help me!!!

NARRATOR:
Behind you…

MR PINFIELD:
What – what – NOOOOOOOOOO!

(FX: A WOLF LEAPS ON HIM, SNARLING. THE MAN SCREAMS, DIES…)

NARRATOR:
What a pity. He didn't like my stories. (BEAT, TO THE LISTENER) Oh, hello. I didn't see you there. Have *you* come to hear some of my stories? I hope you have. They're very good stories. Very good indeed. Almost – to die for! (LAUGHS EVILLY)

(FX: A WOLF HOWLS)

(MUSIC: DRAMATIC OPENING TITLE MUSIC, IN THE STYLE OF HAMMER OR 'BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW')

(FX: AS TITLE MUSIC COMES TO AN END, COUNTRYSIDE EFFECTS BLEND INTO:)

FILM SCENE 2: EXT. VILLAGE

(FX: RURAL VILLAGE, GENERIC 19TH CENTURY FEEL. HORSES CLOPPING ALONG, THAT SORT OF THING. A BELL TOLLING SOMEWHERE.)

NARRATOR:
(V/O) My first story concerns the village of Beachamwell in Norfolk. To all intents and purposes, Beachamwell looked like an ordinary village. A simple village. A village with no troubles at all.

But Beachamwell hid a secret. A dark secret. A terrible secret. Would you like to know this secret?

(FX: A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE COMES DOWN THE STREET)

Then I will tell you. Listen. Listen carefully.
If you listen closely, maybe you can hear… The Devil's Whisper!

(FX: THE CARRIAGE DRAWS TO A HALT, THE HORSE NEIGHS. DOOR OPENS)

BROMLEY:
(STEPPING OUT) Thank you, my good man. Have a drink on me.

CARRIAGE DRIVER:
I ain't stayin' 'ere, zur. Yaa!

(FX: A FLICK OF THE REINS AND THE CARRIAGE THUNDERS OFF)

BROMLEY:
Strange fellow. I wonder what the matter was?

(FX: LOTS OF VILLAGE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE. BROMLEY WALKS THROUGH THE VILLAGE. A CHURCH BELL RINGS)

BROMLEY:
(STOPPING YOKEL) Young man, I'm a stranger here. I wonder if you could direct me to 'The Black Lion', I'm supposed to be meeting my niece.

YOKEL:
(INCOMPREHENSIBLE GROWLING SOUNDS, FAINTLY THREATENING)

BROMLEY:
… Don't worry. I think I see it. Good day to you…

(FX: HE WALKS OFF TO THE PUB.)

YOKEL:
(MORE SINISTER NOISES) (MUSIC: MELODRAMATIC CHORD)

FILM SCENE 3: INT. PUB

(FX: ROWDY ATMOS. SOMEONE PLAYING A SQUEEZEBOX. DOOR OPENS. IMMEDIATELY ALL FALLS DEATHLY QUIET)

BROMLEY:
Oh! I, er… I'm looking for my niece –

FELICITY:
(RUSHING FORWARD) Uncle! At last!

BROMLEY:
Felicity! I'm sorry I was delayed, my dear. Difficulties getting out of London.

FELICITY:
That's quite all right. But I'm glad you're here now.

BROMLEY:
Glad?

FELICITY:
Yes. Something… odd's been happening in Beachamwell.

BROMLEY:
Odd? What do you mean, odd?

FELICITY:
The people are strange.

BROMLEY:
In Norfolk? I find that hard to believe.

FELICITY:
You might not believe it, but it's true.

CARLOTTA:
(APPROACHING) And what can I do for you, sir? Would you like a flagon of ale?

BROMLEY:
I am not a fan of the miller's drink, madam, but would you be able to procure for me a glass of port, perhaps?

CARLOTTA:
I'll see what I can do. (DEPARTS)

BROMLEY:
There, you see. Perfectly normal.

FELICITY:
Yes, well – Carlotta's all right, but uncle, it's the others! Oh, I don't know how to tell you this – how to explain it. I just don't have the words.

BROMLEY:
Felicity, I have had a long journey, and wish to rest. We will have a light supper, then you can tell me exactly what ails you in the morning.

CARLOTTA:
(FX: ARRIVING, PUTTING DOWN A FLAGON) Here you are, sir.

BROMLEY:
Thank you, my good lady.

FILM SCENE 4: EXT. FOREST (NIGHT)

(FX/MUSIC: GENERAL NIGHT SOUNDS. OWLS HOOTING. SOMEONE IS WALKING ALONG A WOODED PATH. STOPS. TWIG SNAPS OFF. THEY CONTINUE WALKING. TENSE MUSIC. SOMETHING IS FOLLOWING THEM…

(MUSIC GETS MORE URGENT, AND THE PERSON STARTS RUNNING. GASPING. PANTING. IT NEED NOT BE TERRIBLY CLEAR WHAT'S ACTUALLY HAPPENING IN THE FILM AT THIS POINT, IT'S SHIFTABLE IN LENGTH TO FIT WITH THE COMMENTARY)

FILM SCENE 5: INT. PUB CORRIDOR

(FX: BROMLEY AND FELICITY WALK UPSTAIRS AND STOP)

BROMLEY:
Good night, Felicity. I trust you shall sleep well.

FELICITY:
Good night, Uncle.

(FX: A DOOR CREAKS OPEN AND CLOSED. BROMLEY CONTINUES DOWN THE CORRIDOR. A DOOR OPENS… THEN A SHARPER CREAK FROM FURTHER UP THE CORRIDOR)

BROMLEY:
What's that? Who's there?

(FX: DRAMATIC CHORDS PLAY. BROMLEY MOVES UP THE CORRIDOR. THEN THEY CUT OUT ABRUPTLY)

BROMLEY:
Goodness gracious!

CARLOTTA:
(BIT VAMPY, OBVIOUSLY IN NIGHTIE) Did I startle you, Professor?

BROMLEY:
Oh! The landlady. Not at all, madam. I was merely… surprised.

CARLOTTA:
That's good. I just wanted to tell you…

(PAUSE)

BROMLEY:
Yes?

CARLOTTA:
Stay in your room tonight. Don't go outside.

BROMLEY:
But…

CARLOTTA:
On your own life – don't go outside! (SHE WALKS AWAY)

BROMLEY:
What a singularly remarkable woman.

(FX: HE ENTERS HIS ROOM, CLOSES THE DOOR)

FILM SCENE 6: EXT. FOREST (NIGHT)

(FX: THE RUNNING PERSON STOPS. RELIEVED THEIR PURSUER HAS GONE. DEEP BREATHS. RELAXING. QUIET FOR A MOMENT — THEN A SUDDEN, DRAMATIC CHORD.)

RUNNING MAN:
(SCREAMS, ATTACKED BY SOMETHING HIDEOUS)

FILM SCENE 7: INT. PUB BEDROOM/EXT. VILLAGE GREEN

BROMLEY:
(WAKES WITH A START, FROM A NIGHTMARE) Ohh! A dream. Only a dream. I really shouldn't have eaten all that cheese.

(FX: SUDDENLY FAINTLY ETHEREAL MUSIC. CHANTING FROM OUTSIDE)

BROMLEY:
What the deuce?

(FX: GOES TO AND OPENS WINDOW)

(FX: CROSS TO OUTSIDE, ON THE VILLAGE GREEN:)

CARLOTTA:
(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED, WEARING HOOD) Bring forth the sacrifice!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

BROMLEY:
(MUTTERING) Sacrifice?

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

RUNNING MAN:
(DRAGGED FORWARD) No, no, don't hurt me, don't hurt me!

CARLOTTA:
Place him in front of the shield.

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

BROMLEY:
But they can't be!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

CARLOTTA:
Brethren – prepare to welcome our newest brother.
(CHANTING) *Jabushka mac tu tor. Shalaka nic telerach.* (REPEATS x 5, BECOMING INCREASINGLY HYSTERICAL)

(MUSIC: BUILDING THROUGHOUT)

RUNNING MAN:
Noooooooooo!

(SUDDEN SILENCE. THEN:)

RUNNING MAN:
(GROWLS LIKE YOKEL BEFORE)

CARLOTTA:
He is one of us!

FILM SCENE 8: INT. PUB

(FX: SUDDEN BREAK OF ATMOSPHERE – IT'S THE MORNING.)

FELICITY:
You saw it with your own eyes, and yet you're still in denial.

BROMLEY:
I'm telling you Felicity, it was merely a nightmare.

FELICITY:
A nightmare? A hooded figure organising a sacrifice on the village green…

BROMLEY:
Not a sacrifice. A possession, of some sort.

FELICITY:
So you admit it was real?

BROMLEY:
I admit nothing of the sort. Whatever it was it was a figment of sleep and nothing else.

FELICITY:
You're wrong. There was evil afoot.

BROMLEY:
Nonetheless, we shall leave today.

FELICITY:
Well, that's something I won't complain about.

BROMLEY:
I am glad to hear it. (CALLING OUT) Madam! The bill!

CARLOTTA:
(APPROACHING) Professor Bromley. Are you away?

BROMLEY:
We have family business to attend to, in King's Lynn.

CARLOTTA:
A beautiful town.

BROMLEY:
So I have been led to believe.

CARLOTTA:
Then have yourself a fine trip. But stay to the main roads, mark you. And leave quickly.

BROMLEY:
Why?

CARLOTTA:
Just sayin'. Just sayin'… (DEPARTS)

FILM SCENE 9: INT. CARRIAGE/EXT. FOREST

(FX: A HORSE & CARRIAGE CLIP-CLOPS ALONG THE ROAD.)

FELICITY:
I tell you Uncle, I am right glad to leave Beachamwell.

BROMLEY:
I am neither glad nor unhappy. As villages go it was rather nondescript. Still, it is not long now to King's Lynn and the bosom of your family.

DRIVER:
(CRACKING WHIP, OFF) Yah! Yah!

(FX: THE CARRIAGE SPEEDS UP)

BROMLEY:
Now then, driver, steady on. We are in no hurry!

(FX: THE CARRIAGE SPEEDS UP RIDICULOUSLY)

FELICITY:
Uncle! Is the man mad?

(FX: LOTS OF DRAMATIC MUSIC AS THE CARRIAGE CAREERS DOWN THE ROAD. INSIDE THE TWO OCCUPANTS ARE FLUNG ABOUT. MORE OUT OF CONTROL CARRIAGE NOISES)

BROMLEY:
(STRUGGLING WITH CARRIAGE DOOR) He's wedged the door somehow! All we can do is – (EFFORT) … kick it open!

(FX: BROMLEY TRYING TO KICK THE DOOR OPEN. SEVERAL KICKS. SPLINTERING SOUNDS. EVENTUALLY, THE DOOR SHATTERS)

BROMLEY:
Quick, Felicity, your life depends on it!

FELICITY:
(LEAPS OUT WITH A SCREAM)

BROMLEY:
May heaven protect me! (JUMPS)

(FX: BROMLEY LANDS, WITH A SODDEN THUMP, IN MUD. BEAT)

BROMLEY:
Felicity, are you all right?

FELICITY:
(RUNNING OVER) Uncle – look at the carriage! He's heading towards the cliff!

BROMLEY:
Great heavens! But why doesn't he stop it! Is he totally insane?

(FX: CROSS TO: CARRIAGE RATTLING AWAY, THEN… SUDDEN SILENCE AS IT GOES OVER THE EDGE OF A CLIFF… AND A CATASTROPHIC SMASH AS IT HITS THE FLOOR. CROSS BACK TO:)

FELICITY:
That poor, poor man.

BROMLEY:
I wonder what the devil got into him?

FELICITY:
And all our luggage. Gone!

(PAUSE)

BROMLEY:
It seems our only hope is to return to the village.

FELICITY:
No! We can't!

BROMLEY:
It's our only chance.

FILM SCENE 10: EXT. FOREST (NIGHT)

(FX: TRUDGING THROUGH FOREST. OWLS HOOT. A WOLF HOWLS.)

FELICITY:
(STOPPING) Uncle! I think – I think there's someone following us…

(SILENCE)

BROMLEY:
You're imagining it, child.

FELICITY:
I'm not, listen!

(FX: NOTHING FOR A MOMENT – THEN THE SOUNDS OF PEOPLE CRUNCHING THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH)

FELICITY:
There, do you see? Men in hoods!

BROMLEY:
Good Lord, you're right! Run! (FX: THEY RUN)

CARLOTTA:
(HOODED) There they are! Get them!

(FX: LOTS AND LOTS OF DRAMATIC MUSIC, CHASING THROUGH FOREST. EVENTUALLY:)

FELICITY:
(CAPTURED)
No! Get your dirty hands off me-!!!

(FX: SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE, THEN A THUMP, THEN A SLUMP.)

CARLOTTA:
(ALOUD) We have your niece, Professor Bromley! Surrender!

BROMLEY:
(OFF) Never! (RUNS OFF)

CARLOTTA:
(TO ACOLYTE) Very well. I shall take her and ready her for the ceremony. You get the man. (LEAVES)

BROMLEY:
(BREATHING HEAVILY, RUNNING, STOPPING, THROUGHOUT…)

(FX: LONG CHASE, CONVEYED LARGELY THROUGH MUSIC. AT POINTS IT GETS QUIET AND TENSE. THEN A FLURRY OF ACTIVITY. DOGS JOIN IN, BARKING, PURSUING BROMLEY. THEN RUNNING THROUGH WATER. THEN A BRIEF SKIRMISH WITH BADDIES, FIST PUNCHES — BROMLEY WINS OUT. EVENTUALLY:)

BROMLEY:
The village! I made it! (FX: STAGGERS ONWARD)

FILM SCENE 11: INT. PUB

(FX: FIRE BURNS AND CRACKLES IN GRATE)

CARLOTTA:
(SINGING TO HERSELF) Summer is icumen in,
Loudly sing cuckoo,
Groweth seed and soweth mead and
Springth the wood anew,
Sing cuckoo!
Ewe ableateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf a coo —

BROMLEY:
(BURSTING IN THROUGH DOOR) Madam Carlotta!

CARLOTTA:
(YELPS) Oh, Professor! You startled me there.

BROMLEY:
Carlotta, you are my only hope! My niece, Felicity, is **in very great danger indeed!** She has been kidnapped!

CARLOTTA:
Mercy!

BROMLEY:
The coach-man tried to kill us! We were then pursued through the forest by masked gentlemen. Though I use the term ‘gentlemen’ in its broadest possible sense.

CARLOTTA:
Lawks a mercy!

BROMLEY:
I didn’t believe her. Heaven help me, but I didn’t believe her. Something strange is happening in Beachamwell.

CARLOTTA:
Oh, I couldn’t rightly say, sir.

BROMLEY:
You warned me not to look out of the window. You know what’s going on! You know, Carlotta! You know!!!

(PAUSE)

CARLOTTA:
Follow me, sir. Into the cellars.

FILM SCENE 12: INT. CELLAR/CAVES

(FX: CARLOTTA LEADING BROMLEY DOWN STONE STEPS INTO A CAVE SYSTEM. ECHOES. PAUSING TO SPEAK EVERY NOW AND AGAIN)

CARLOTTA:
There's been magic practiced here in Beachamwell since before anyone can remember. Here, in the caves beneath the village, covens'd meet at auspicious times, holding secret, terrible ceremonies. Until last Hallowe'en, that is…

BROMLEY:
W-what happened last Hallowe'en?

CARLOTTA:
Trying to summon evil powers, they were. They tried and they tried - until suddenly —

(FX: FILM CUTS TO FLASHBACK)

CARLOTTA:
(V/O) The demons came.

(FX: A THUNDERCRACK. HIDEOUS DEMONIC LAUGHTER. SCREAMS OF WITCHES AND WIZARDS, BEING POSSESSED BY DEMONS. MASSIVE DRAMATIC MUSIC)

CARLOTTA:
(V/O) They ate those that displeased them. Possessed those they wanted.

(FX: EVENTUALLY THE SOUNDS START TO FADE AWAY AND WE RETURN TO THE CAVES.)

CARLOTTA:
Slowly but surely, they started to take over everyone in the town. They've got bigger and more powerful. They moved from the church basement onto the village green. They sacrifice openly. You must have seen too much. Did you look out of the window?

BROMLEY:
I… I saw… some sort of ceremony. A possession. But what can we do? How can we save Felicity?

CARLOTTA:
They never perform their ceremonies in daylight. That's not their time.

BROMLEY:
So?

CARLOTTA:
So your niece is safe for a while. You have time to rest.

BROMLEY:
Oh, how can I sleep at a time as this?

FILM SCENE 13: INT. PUB BEDROOM

BROMLEY:
(IN BED, MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) Must sleep. Must … sleep…

(BEGINS TO DRIFT OFF. HE STARTS TO SNORE SOFTLY)

(FX: WE SEGUE INTO A SERIES OF NIGHTMARISH FLASHBACKS FROM EARLIER IN THE FILM, ALL REVERSE-ECHOED ETC. EG:)

FELICITY:
Yes. Something… odd's been happening in Beachamwell.

CARLOTTA:
On your own life – don't go outside!

RUNNING MAN:
(DRAGGED FORWARD) No, no, don't hurt me, don't hurt me!

CARLOTTA:
(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED, WEARING HOOD) Bring forth the sacrifice!

FELICITY:
You're wrong. There was evil afoot.

CARLOTTA:
(V/O) They ate those that displeased them. Possessed those they wanted.

(FX: AND LOTS OF DEMONIC LAUGHTER/SCREAMS FROM PREVIOUS SCENE. BUILDS TO A CRESCENDO…)

BROMLEY:
(WAKING WITH A SCREAM) Felicity!!!

CARLOTTA:
Hush. Hush, Professor!

BROMLEY:
Oh! Oh, Carlotta, it's you.

CARLOTTA:
It was only a nightmare. It cannot hurt you. Now – the ceremony will start at midnight. We must be ready.

(FX: FADE)

FILM SCENE 14: EXT. VILLAGE GREEN (NIGHT)

(FX: OWL HOOTS. CARLOTTA AND BROMLEY CREEPING AROUND, FOLLOWING VILLAGERS. TENSE MUSIC PLAYING. THIS GOES ON FOR A WHILE, BEFORE:)

BROMLEY:
(SOTTO) Torches! What do they want with torches?!?

CARLOTTA:
(SOTTO) Maybe your niece is not going to be possessed by the demons – but burnt as a sacrifice?

BROMLEY:
(SOTTO) No!

CARLOTTA:
(SOTTO) You must calm yourself sir! It's just a guess! The ceremony is yet to start. They always wait 'til midnight, and their leader is yet to arrive.

BROMLEY:
(SOTTO) The masked man? Who is that? Who leads the group?

CARLOTTA:
(SOTTO) I don't rightly know, sir. No-one does. (BEAT) Holy water. I forgot the holy water! Wait here, Professor. I will return. (MOVES OFF)

BROMLEY:
(HISSED) Carlotta! Come back! Carlotta!

(MUSIC: INDICATES THE SLOW APPROACH OF THE COVEN LEADER. IT BUILDS AND BUILDS.)

CARLOTTA:
(OFF, HOODED) My brothers!

BROMLEY:
(SOTTO) The leader!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

CARLOTTA/LEADER:
Bring forth the sacrifice!

FELICITY:
(DRAGGED FORWARD, STRUGGLING) No! You can't do this! Get your hands off me! Think about what you're doing! This is murder!

BROMLEY:
(RUSHING FORWARD) Felicity! I'm here!

FELICITY:
Uncle! Uncle, Uncle, save me!

(FX: DRAMATIC MUSIC. IT'S A BIG FIGHT SCENE. LOTS OF PUNCHES. KICKS. SCREAMS.)

BROMLEY:
Take that!

(FX: SOMEBODY CATCHES FIRE. YELLS, SCREAMS. MORE FIGHTING)

CARLOTTA:
(HOODED) Keep him back! Keep him away from me!

(BROMLEY REACHES FELICITY)

FELICITY:
Oh, Uncle.

BROMLEY:
Delighted to see you again, my dear.

FELICITY:
Untie me, quickly!

BROMLEY:
I'm trying!

(HE BREAKS AWAY. PUNCHES SOMEONE. BREAKS BACK.)

BROMLEY:
There! Now when I say run, run. Run!

(FX: THEY RUN)

CARLOTTA:
After them!

(FX: A CHARGE AS THE ACOLYTES GIVE CHASE.)

BROMLEY:
(RUNNING) We must head for the Inn! Carlotta will aid us!

(FX: RUNNING ON)

FILM SCENE 15: INT. PUB

(FX: DOOR SLAMMED SHUT. LOTS OF BOLTS)

BROMLEY:
We'll be safe, here.

FELICITY:
Oh, I do hope so, Uncle.

BROMLEY:
(ALOUD) Carlotta? Carlotta, are you here? Carlotta!

FELICITY:
(SEARCHING HOUSE) Carlotta? … Carlotta?

(FX: FLOORBOARDS CREAK, DOORS OPENED AND CLOSED AS THEY SEARCH EVERY ROOM IN THE BUILDING — IF NECESSARY! — FOR CARLOTTA. EVENTUALLY:)

FELICITY:
Is there no sign of her?

BROMLEY:
I dread to think what may have happened!

FELICITY:
Maybe we should just find a horse and ride out of here?

BROMLEY:
It's not that easy! There are no horses anywhere — and besides, the road will be [blocked!]

(FX: DOOR OPENS. DRAMATIC CHORD)

CARLOTTA:
(HOODED) Professor Bromley. And his charming niece. (EVIL LAUGH — AS LONG AS REQUIRED)

BROMLEY:
Quick, Felicity, behind me! (ALOUD) How like you holy water, demon?

CARLOTTA:
(HOODED) That is not holy water, fool.

BROMLEY:
It's not?

FELICITY:
I think it's time to give up, Uncle.

BROMLEY:
Felicity!

FELICITY:
I might not have been totally honest with you. The demons have already possessed me.

(MUSIC: SHOCK!!!)

BROMLEY:
No!

FELICITY:
It is you who are to be the sacrifice, Uncle!

BROMLEY:
No!

FELICITY:
Yes!

BROMLEY:
No!!!

CARLOTTA:
(HOODED) Oh, but yes. (ASIDE) Acolytes – hold him! Prepare him!

(FX: A STRUGGLE. PUNCHES THROWN)

BROMLEY:
Keep back, you monsters! Now, coven leader – let's see who's really under this mask!

(MUSIC: EVEN BIGGER SHOCK!)

BROMLEY:
YOU?!?

CARLOTTA:
Why, of course it was me, who else was it likely to be?

BROMLEY:
But you seemed so helpful!

CARLOTTA:
Of course. But I wasn't. Everything I said was a lie. And you fell for it. Men will believe anything said by a pretty face, won't they?

BROMLEY:
What in the Lord's name happened, to you?

CARLOTTA:
You remember I mentioned my late husband? … I tried to contact his spirit. I failed. But I contacted something else.

BROMLEY:
Demons?

CARLOTTA:
They have made me happy. They have made us all happy.
(TO ACOLYTES) Take him!

(MUSIC: DARK, DRAMATIC CHORDS. SEGUE INTO:)

FILM SCENE 16: EXT. VILLAGE GREEN (NIGHT)

(FX: HUGE BONFIRE CRACKLES AND BURNS)

CARLOTTA:
Welcome, my brothers. Tonight is the time of ascension!

(FX: CROWD CHEERING)

The sacrifice is prepared!

(FX: CROWD CHEERING)

BROMLEY:
(DRAGGED FORWARD) What's wrong with all you people? You're all **mad!**

(MUSIC: DRUMS ROLL)

BROMLEY:
(TO SELF) I am not afraid. I am not afraid. I am not afraid…

(EVENTUALLY:)

CARLOTTA:
(ALOUD) Demons! Hear me! The time is upon us!!!

BROMLEY:
(ALOUD) Good will always triumph over evil, madam!

CARLOTTA:
Quiet, worm!

BROMLEY:
This can't be happening!

CARLOTTA:
(BEGINS CHANTING, EXACTLY AS IN SC.7 – REPEAT DIALOGUE)
Jabushka mac tu tor. Shalaka nic telerach. (REPEATS x 5, BECOMING INCREASINGLY HYSTERICAL)

(FX: OVER THIS:)

BROMLEY:
Felicity? Felicity, it's me!

FELICITY:
I do not know you.

BROMLEY:
It's your Uncle!

FELICITY:
I have no Uncle.

BROMLEY:
You can't just leave me to die!

FELICITY:
Through your death we shall become all powerful. These things must happen. Now.

BROMLEY:
Listen to what you're saying! It's evil. It's immoral. It's against the law of God. You can't do this!

FELICITY:
We can.

BROMLEY:
Surely some part of you can resist **this insane scheme?**

(FX: REPEAT CARLOTTA'S CHANTING. IT'D BE NICE IF IT COULD BE TAKEN UP BY CROWD, BUT NOT ESSENTIAL)

BROMLEY:
But Felicity! Look into your soul!

FELICITY:
Silence!

BROMLEY:
The Felicity I have known and loved as an uncle for many years would never have believed in such… evil! Come back to the good. Come back to the angels!

FELICITY:
I said BE QUIET! (BEAT) Now she comes.

CARLOTTA:
(ALOUD) The sacrifice is prepared, my brethren. Soon he shall die and our transformation shall begin.

(FX: CHEERS)

CARLOTTA:
(ALOUD) But first – dance, my brethren. Dance!!!

(MUSIC: WILD PAGAN MUSIC, LOTS OF DRUMS. EVENTUALLY DIES)

CARLOTTA:
(ALOUD) Pass me the sacrificial blade! Now, Professor Bromley – it is time. Time to die.

BROMLEY:
Do your worst, heathen.

CARLOTTA:
Listen – to the Devil's whisper!

(FX: BROMLEY'S SHIRT IS TORN OPEN)

(MUSIC: CHOIRS OF ANGELS)

CARLOTTA:
No!!! He wears a crucifix!

BROMLEY:
Did not you realise I was a priest, as well as a Professor?!?

CARLOTTA:
Ah, I cannot look!

BROMLEY:
Now – this plate of yours becomes my shield.

CARLOTTA:
(BACKING AWAY) No! No!!!

(FX: A SWIRLING VORTEX LIKE SOUND BUILDS UP IN THE BACKGROUND)

BROMLEY:
In the name of all the saints, I banish thee… In the name of love and decency, I banish thee… In the name of all that is good, I banish thee! (BEAT) Begone, oh demon! Begone!!!

CARLOTTA:
Nooooooooooooooooooo-!!!

(FX: HER SCREAM IS SUCKED UP INTO THE VORTEX IN A MAELSTROM OF SOUND. THE NOISE IS SUCKED UP WITH HER AND THE GREEN IS LEFT SILENT)

BROMLEY:
It's over.

FELICITY:
(RUSHING FORWARD) Uncle!

BROMLEY:
Felicity? Thank the Lord. You are recovered.

(MUSIC: GOOD HAS TRIUMPHED OVER EVIL. CONTINUES UNDER:)

NARRATOR:
(V/O) And so Professor Bromley left Beachamwell in the company of his niece. Something he might not have thought he would do – alive.

(FX: FILM CUTS ABRUPTLY)